

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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BISHOP BAKER.

BY REV. L. D. BARROWS, A. M.

WERE you to visit Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, a small, beautiful inland city of some eight or ten thousand inhabitants, passing up State-street from the state-house toward the Methodist General Biblical Institute, you would see, partially obscured in shrubbery, the modest, home-like residence of Rev. Osmon C. Baker, D. D., one of the junior Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Thousands of your readers have never seen this honored servant of God and the Church. While they are now contemplating the artist's effort to represent his features, and trying to form an opinion of him, a few facts and thoughts respecting his history and character may not be wholly uninteresting. To examine in a free and truthful manner the character of great and good men, tends to strengthen sentiments of virtue and religion, by revealing their actions and motives of action; thereby inspiring even ordinary minds with all the noble claims of humanity and aspirations of religion, moving them to the boldest deeds of Christian heroism. Earth has no figures which can adequately represent the power of a *Christian example*. Such an example, then, properly discriminated, should have the widest possible field of application.

The subject of our sketch was born July 30, 1812, in the town of Marlow, New Hampshire. He was the son of Dr. Isaac Baker, a highly-respectable physician of that place, who was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His son, when fifteen years of age, he placed in the Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, of which Dr. Fisk was then the Principal. During the first year of his academic course he gave his heart to God, and was baptized and received into the Church by his highly-esteemed Principal. At the

age of seventeen he received license to exhort, which he improved for three years before he was licensed to preach.

In 1830, being eighteen years of age, he entered the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Here he remained three years, diligently and successfully prosecuting his studies, when, by the failure of his health, he was compelled to leave. His studies, however, he carried vigorously forward, and took his second degree with his class, laboring during the time regularly with the other preachers on the circuit, till his health was fully restored.

Four years from the time he entered the University he was elected professor in the Newbury Seminary, Vermont, at its first opening in 1834. This position he filled reputably five years, when, on the resignation of the then Principal, Rev. Charles Adams, A. M., he was elected Principal of that institution. This office also he filled five years, during which time his abilities as a scholar and administrator became widely known, and his character as a minister of Christ thoroughly established. While connected with this Seminary he united with the New Hampshire conference, having been previously ordained a local deacon by Bishop Morris in 1838. In 1844 he resigned his office in the Seminary, having a great desire to enter the regular work of the itinerant ministry. His first appointment was to the Rochester station, New Hampshire conference, and the second to the Elm-Street station, Manchester city. At the close of his first year in this charge, the presiding bishop of the New Hampshire conference was unanimously requested, by the preachers on the Dover district of that conference, to appoint him presiding elder, which was done. In this new position, with but three years experience in the regular work, he proved himself surprisingly familiar with all the practical workings of our Church economy. He at once greatly endeared himself,

both to the preachers as well as the people of his district.

Before the first year on the district closed he was elected professor in the Methodist General Biblical Institute, just then being located and opened at Concord, New Hampshire. Such, however, was his interest and success on the district, that he hesitated long before accepting the appointment, and not then till advised and urged by his brethren, and, indeed, formally requested to do so by vote of his conference. His preachers deeply regretted to part with him in his then relation; but they urged him to accept the office, because they regarded him second to no one among us in adaptation and qualification for it.

In this professorship also he served the Church efficiently *five years*. His teaching now became more of a theological and ecclesiastical kind, and his ministerial brethren became fully aware of his strength and worth. He was, in truth, a ripe English and classical scholar, an able theologian, a devoted minister of Christ, a deeply-pious and exemplary man. His protracted study and teaching of our doctrines, history, and usages as a Church, together with his other qualifications, soon began to indicate him as a suitable and probable candidate for the Episcopacy.

His close confinement in the schools so much of his active life, up to this time; his disinclination to travel or show himself abroad or through the press, contributed to confine his acquaintance mostly to New England, and even to his own conference. His first appearance abroad, in any public capacity, was as a delegate to the General conference in 1848, held in Pittsburg, being the first delegate of the New Hampshire conference. Here, as he was a new member and retiring in his nature and habits, he took but little part in the doings of the conference, except in committees.

In 1852 he is found again heading the list of delegates from his conference. Here, though so little known to the general Church, except by report, he was elected to his present high and responsible office. This position, too—and it is a singular coincident—he has filled *five years*. But may kind Heaven forbid that now, as formerly, another epoch in his history should occur!

Personally Bishop Baker is above medium in size, tall and erect, well proportioned and slightly corpulent, with a high and open forehead, long and dark hair—now becoming moderately gray—hazel-colored eyes, and, being near-sighted, is never seen without his spectacles. In his general features there is much regularity and symmetry, indicating firmness, refinement, and benevolence.

Thus his countenance speaks to you at once unmistakably, before he utters a word; and when he does speak, he speaks just as you anticipated he would—sensibly, blandly, and briefly. At once you feel yourself in the presence of a man where coarse, flippant, or unkind words would be sadly out of place, and only recoil upon yourself. But should you blunder into this mistake, instead of a prompt and severe reproof, there would probably follow, on his part, a silence and uplifted look of surprise and mortification, which to you would be the sharpest of all possible reproofs. While his nature shrinks from rough contact with his fellows, he enjoys remarkably social life and the society of his friends at home or abroad; always cheerful and hopeful; never trifling; seldom perpetrates a joke or repartee, but enjoys one much if it exhibits only refinement of wit. When thus surprised, or moved by the ludicrous, he has a faculty of laughing almost convulsively without making a noise. If he comes to you on business, he makes it known at once, and in the fewest possible words, and replies to your business calls in the same manner. In such matters he is never at a loss for an answer, and rarely asks for an "extension." No matter how profound or abstruse the question, his replies will usually be such as would indicate that he had just finished a careful examination of that very subject. Yet it is proverbial of him that he is seldom known to give wrong decisions, or to find it necessary to change them. This is emphatically true of him as regards all the great spiritual, financial, benevolent, or educational interests of our Church. The expression of his opinions, however, will not be very likely to be volunteered, unless his own appropriate work demands their avowal.

In ordinary and familiar intercourse, except with his most intimate friends, there is much less readiness and freedom; there is even hesitancy; so much so that strangers usually judge him quite taciturn or very diffident. And we shall not attempt to vindicate the Bishop wholly from the judgment. Still we have never been able to satisfy ourselves fully whether this reserve grows out of any want of confidence in himself, or his lofty sense of propriety. But we know two things to be true of him: First, he has always taught his pupils—especially young ministers—as matter of true politeness, a degree of reserve which would generally be pronounced extreme, particularly in this fast age. And, secondly, no man of our acquaintance has ever maintained so uniform and extreme modesty respecting personal promotion, as he has done. He has been literally dragged from one position to another, not only without

his co-operation, but without his consent. When elected to the professorship and to the Episcopacy, he hesitated much as to his duty; and not without the strong and united advice of his friends, and even their importunity, did he consent to accept. And when he had all prepared for the press a most critical and elaborate work, the result of years of study and observation, the advice of all his personal friends was not sufficient to induce him to publish it. And it was not till one or more annual conferences requested it, by a formal vote, that he gave it to the public. His modesty, we think, is extreme; but if so, whether it is his *fault* or *misfortune*, we do not know. Be this as it may, it has subjected him to the criticism that he shunned responsibilities, withholding his counsel and efforts when they would have been of incalculable value; not so much in his regular line of duty, as in the general and promiscuous business affairs of the Church. But these criticisms have usually come from a class of persons, whose tastes and habits, to say the least, are on the other extreme. Such is his social culture and refinement of taste, that every thing approaching egotism or bombast becomes exceedingly repulsive. Doubtless, in some instances, his habits may diminish his efficiency, but in others they give him greatly-increased power.

In his own private home the Bishop is among the happiest of men. Having a competency without affluence, with a wife every way worthy of such a husband, neither above nor beneath her position, not ignorant or ashamed of her duties as a wife and mother, with two interesting children, good order and comfort, united with intelligence and uniform and deep piety—all these things contribute to make *his home* such a one as, would to God, were more common in our world.

This brief sketch of the life and character of Bishop Baker would be sadly deficient, were we to omit his leading agency in inaugurating a new and vastly-important movement in our Church; namely, our *theological schools*. Up to the time he was elected Principal of the Newbury Seminary, so far as we are informed, the idea of establishing a separate and independent school exclusively for our young ministers, had never been advocated publicly, if indeed it had been privately, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. While at the head of that Seminary he found a class of young men who contemplated the ministry; and these, most of them at least, could acquire no education for their work beyond what could be obtained in that institution. He readily discovered these interesting and pious students needed some sort of instruction outside of the common

academic course, with special reference to their prospective calling—such as instruction in our doctrines, Discipline, and usages in general, with many critical hints respecting plans of sermons, style of speaking, etc. He accordingly formed them into a class for daily recitations, involving these and many other exercises hitherto unknown in any of our institutions.

Soon these exercises were found so interesting and profitable that more time was desired by the professor and pupils to extend them. For this purpose an "association" was formed in the institution and neighborhood for theological improvement. The Principal of the Seminary was President, and the stationed preacher Vice-President. Rev. B. R. Hoyt, Rev. O. Scott, Rev. Solomon Sias, Professor Hinman, and several others, were members. This association met once a week and devoted an evening to its purposes. It was during these incipient measures that more or less interchange of thought began to be had among leading ministers on that subject. In 1839 a few friends of the measure met in Boston for deliberation as to what could be done to aid still further our young ministry. As yet little seemed to be thought of beyond establishing some department in some of our literary institutions for that purpose. About this time the matter began to be freely discussed pro and con in *Zion's Herald*, which continued through some years. But the little unpretending organization was all this time silently working its way at Newbury, and by its good fruits was fast turning the scale of argument in favor of some kind of theological school. Under the favorable auspices thus ripening, it was proposed to the Trustees of Newbury Seminary to open, in connection with that institution, a "theological department," which should employ and support a professor in addition to the labors of Principal Baker. This proposition was accepted. Now a reorganization took place and the association took the name of the "Newbury Biblical Institute," in connection with the Seminary proper. Rev. Wm. M. Willett, of New York, was elected professor, and for some length of time filled that position usefully, laboring in connection with Principal Baker.

The increasing interest and success attending this new movement very soon called for enlarged operations. This was accomplished in the following manner: The Trustees sent out a proposition to the several New England annual conferences, inviting them to a co-operation in the movement, by raising funds and appointing a certain number of trustees, to be ultimately organized into a new and independent board; and pledging themselves

also as Trustees that such prospective board should have power to locate the "institute," where a majority of its trustees should determine. The proposal was accepted and carried out, and the institute located at Concord, New Hampshire.

Here, then, was originated the plan of a separate, independent *Biblical school*, for and to be under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church; not such a school as other Churches had established, but such a one as our own rising ministry needed, suited to the peculiar exigencies of our own Church.

It is not true that Bishop Baker was the only man heartily and efficiently engaged in that great enterprise; nor that he was the principal instrument in raising the endowment. The lamented Dr. Hinman, Rev. J. Spaulding, and, more than any and all others, Rev. Dr. Dempster, deserve the credit of that noble part of the work. Dr. Dempster also accomplished wonders in creating throughout the Church a favorable public opinion on the subject.

Another important service which Bishop Baker has rendered our Church—a service which will be more and more appreciated—is the publication of his "GUIDE BOOK IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH."

This work grew up with years of study, teaching, collecting of facts, and other material, during his professorship in the Biblical Institute. Though a small volume of two hundred and fifty pages, it is the result of immense labor and research. When he came to confer with experienced and intelligent ministers of our Church, he found a great diversity of opinion and practice respecting the administration of Church government. The young preachers under his care going forth to their work had no guiding light on that subject but the various practice of older administrators. The Professor, therefore, if he instructed them at all, must do so according to some theory of his own. This he did, which resulted in the compilation and publication of his book—a result for which thousands, besides his own immediate pupils, will thank him.

Such a work has long been a desideratum in our denominational literature. Our ministry not having been trained in schools of uniform instruction on this subject—there being no uniformity of practice—the changing of itinerant ministers every two years, with their varying practices, all tended to involve individuals and whole societies in lasting difficulties, and often disastrously affecting the reputation of the Church. Then, too, the Discipline itself is *multum in parvo*, rendering it

unavoidable that most of it should not only be unexplained, but so briefly stated as to leave ample opportunity for wide differences of opinion. Hence the numerous complaints of "maladministration," the great dread of annual and General conferences, spending so much precious time and money. But, with this "guide" in his hand the most inexperienced administrator can hardly be at a loss how to meet the most complicated case in ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

Different opinions are entertained of him *as a preacher*. All, however, agree that his sermons are thoroughly prepared—clear, logical, and very instructive. Also, that his style is simple, chaste, and impressive, rather than boisterous and powerful. He addresses himself directly to the understanding and best feelings of man's moral nature. There is not the slightest approach to attempts at display, or to play upon the feelings of his hearers, only so far as unadorned Gospel truth will do it. Every thing is the farthest possible removed from *affectation*, in intonation, gesture, and whole personal bearing. He uses but little gesture, and that not so much of the common pulpit style as of the professor's chair. Yet there is nothing cold or heartless in the sermon. Honesty and unaffected *love of the truth*, and his own deep personal participation in it, seem stamped on every sentence; and you see in him an evident deep undercurrent of feeling growing out of the power and beauty of his theme; though he scorns all those modern modes of exhibiting emotion, bordering so hard upon the tragedian style, which is creeping into the modern pulpit. Nothing offends his taste and religious sense of propriety more than this. His views, we think, are even extreme on this subject. This has led some to say of him, that "he has little of the usual Methodist fire" in his preaching. Had it been said, little of the usual Methodist *thunder*, it would have been nearer the truth, in our view; for his voice is neither loud nor strong, but smooth and agreeable, and *he puts on no airs*. Hence, his eloquence is not of the stump-orator kind, and, consequently, not so attractive to the uncultivated masses; *but it is the eloquence of the heart on fire with his subject, and nothing else*. Neither is his voice so modulated as to produce the greatest effect aside from what he utters. This he seems never to have studied. But his power of analysis is great, and his logic clear and forcible. Evidence of the highest order of culture is stamped on all his productions. This, however, is not shown in any subtle refinement of composition at the expense of strength and force, but in the entire and uniform absence of every thing that can offend good

taste. He has but little of the imaginative or poetic; no apparent design or wish to startle you by some wonderful originality of thought or figure; but *Christ crucified* is the burden of his whole message, and he aims at nothing more. Not a redundant, inappropriate, or coarse word is heard. Indeed, to find decided objections to him in matter or style is somewhat difficult. Yet had he greater compass and power of voice, equal to the stirring thoughts he gives us, more daring and seeming assurance of success, though it would hardly improve him in the estimation of the most thoughtful and accomplished, it evidently would give him greater power as a speaker for the masses.

For the Episcopal office he seems to combine every desirable qualification. Easy and dignified in the chair; ready and rapid in dispatching business; proverbially courteous and kind toward all who take part in the business or debates of the conference; never at a loss on questions of law or order, he makes a capital presiding officer. He is *not* too good or too great a man for a bishop, but just the man for that office; and his whole life of study and labor has contributed largely to those qualifications. With a perfectly-balanced judgment; an exhaustless fountain of sympathy; a conscience quick and tender as an eye; with the most perfect refinement of sentiment and feeling—all united with a modest and ardent piety, we anticipate, if it shall please God to spare him to the Church, that his position of influence and usefulness will not have been surpassed by that of any of the fathers.

#### UPWARD AND ONWARD.

**B**EHOLD yon lark. See how he rises, high on the wing, determined for a season to lose sight of all below! Upward he goes; and what sounds are those which descend and ravish our delighted ear—every note different, yet all breathing the purest melody. His heart overflows:

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest;  
Like a cloud of fire,  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest!

Now he has entered yon brilliant cloud; and he seems nearing the sacred precincts, the fond object of his flight. His voice becomes softer. He is lost to sight. We listen; all is hushed. He is worshipping! It is now time for *us* to retire; and as we retrace our steps, let us each take a sweet morning lesson from this aspiring bird. "Upward and onward!" be our motto.

#### THE OLD YEAR.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

To the far-off, invisible shore,  
He is going; returning no more;  
For the toll,  
Startling out from the steeples of brass,  
Proclaims the illustrious pass  
Of the dead Year's soul.

Stern Autumn, the purple-robed priest,  
His sublime incantation hath ceased;  
And instead

Wails the white weaver, Winter, aloud,  
As he fashions the folds of the shroud  
To apparel the dead.

On the spell of the solemnized night,  
Steals the chant of the burial rite;

Through the gloom,  
Bearing tapers of scintillant spars,  
Troops the endless procession of stars  
To illumine the tomb.

Peace be to the Old Year! peace!  
Let in mourning all murmuring cease,  
And forget

All the jubilant joys he hath crushed—  
All the voices of song he hath hushed;  
Lose in love thy regret;

And remember the bright blades of bloom  
That he gathered thee out of the gloom;

The white waves  
Of great peace that flowed over the wrecks  
Of the bright-omened, joy-freighted decks  
That went down to their graves.

With the dearth, O remember the dew,  
And the hopes he hath awakened anew  
In thy breast;

The blest balm that he brought, and the oil  
To gladden thy moments of toil  
And sweeten thy rest.

And each blessing the New Year shall bring,  
Each new joy and new hope that shall spring  
In thy heart,

And each grief with thanksgiving receive,  
And well-doing, so shalt thou not grieve  
When he, too, shall depart.

#### THE YEAR.

BY MINERVA OSBORN.

THE earth was hushed, the air was still,  
The midnight winds breathed low,  
When came the year, the youthful year,  
With his sinless brow, so calm and clear,  
And his light step on the snow.

He came to us a fair young child,  
He came in his robe of white,  
When the pearly stars were thickly strewn,  
High o'er the blue and circling dome,  
In the chilly winter night.

Old Winter decked him with his gems—

His frosty gems so fair;  
The low winds lulled him to his rest;  
Drifted the snow across his breast,  
And toyed with his flaxen hair.

A buoyant, ruddy youth was he,  
When Spring took up the away;  
She twined his brow with buds and flowers,  
And sang to him in sunny bowers  
Through all the gladsome day.

Over his form, so young and strong,  
She threw her robe of green;  
She filled the air with perfume sweet,  
And spread a carpet for his feet,  
The loving, fair-eyed queen.

The Summer came with her storm and gleam,  
And her offerings rich and rare;  
She lent his cheek a deeper hue—  
A thoughtful look to his eye of blue,  
And his brow a line of care.

I saw him next, a lone old man,  
In the aisles of a leafless wood;  
A mournful look was in his eye;  
I heard a sigh as he passed me by,  
In his cheerless solitude.

November winds had pierced him through,  
His looks were pale and thin;  
Tear-stains were on his shriveled vest,  
A withered wreath his only crest,  
And his eye was dull and dim.

He spoke at last, in a hollow tone—  
His very look was dreary:  
"O Winter, come, take back thy child,  
Come, with thy winds and storms so wild,  
For, Winter, I am weary!

Spring drew me captive from thy side,  
With her bright, witching smiles;  
False Summer spread her genial skies,  
And lured me with her loving eyes—  
Her fair, enchanting wiles.

Didst see me in my robe of state,  
That proud October dyed;  
When all the fruits of earth were mine,  
And I gayly quaffed the purple wine,  
With Autumn as my bride?

My hopes were bright, but winds have stript  
The glory from my brow;  
The buds and flowers have long since fled;  
My lovely bride is with the dead,  
And I am throneless now."

The Winter cast one pitying glance,  
And he granted the prayer;  
He pressed him once to his icy breast,  
Then he laid him to his voiceless rest,  
And left him sleeping there.

### MEMORY, HOPE, AND FAITH.

BY M. E. WILCOX.

HAPPY are they who, when the cloud and storm  
Close darkly round their Present's bitter day,  
Look back and find their Past all bright and warm;  
A furnished house wherein their thoughts may stay.  
Alas! for me is no such sheltering ark;  
My past is like my present, cold and dark.  
Happy are they who, while they tread with pain  
And burning feet the desert of to-day,  
Look on and see to-morrow's blossoming plain

Stretching, in pleasant verdure, far away.  
For me such rosy dreams are dead and gone;  
My way is dark, and sad I hurry on.

But happier still are they who can resign  
All hopes and wishes to their Father's will;  
Following, dear Lord, those patient steps of thine,  
Weakly, yet willingly, through good and ill;  
Who thro' earth's storms heaven's distant gleam can see;  
And this great joy remaineth even to me!

### FAREWELL TO THE FATHER-LAND.

BY HELEN M. WALTER.

DEAR father-land, adieu!  
No more I'll cling to you;  
No more shall thy haunts of beauty stay  
My wayward feet through the live-long day;  
No more shall the spells of thy magic power  
Enwreath my soul as in childhood's hour;  
No more shall the songs of thy mountain streams  
Lend a siren sweetness to all my dreams;  
My dear—my beautiful father-land,  
Adieu!—I obey Fate's stern command.

Midsummer now has come,  
With her joyous dreams of home;  
And a queen in splendor thou crownest the earth  
With glorious beauty, sweet land of my birth;  
Yet a shadow has fallen upon thy throne,  
And the days shall come when in sorrow alone  
Thou shalt sit in thy places of pride and power,  
While grief, like a tempest, shall rule the hour.  
Kind father-land—farewell!  
I must break thy spirit's spell.

Upon thy glorious face  
A hectic flush I trace;  
'T is the fever-throb of thy fainting heart;  
Thou grievest thy children should all depart;  
The rushing sails and the creaking masts  
Thou hear'st—that bears them before the blast;  
And thy spirit pales, for Hope is gone,  
And thou dwellest beside thy hearth alone.  
Dear mother, grieve not for the broken tie,  
My love shall outlive the last good-by.

I leave thy storied shore;  
Thy wealth of classic lore;  
Thy glorious lakes and forest shade,  
Where shadows a necklace of legends braid,  
To seek a more golden land of rest,  
Hung by God, like a gem, in the beautiful west.  
They say that its groves wear a brighter green,  
And its dimpled lakes a summer sheen,  
Than my own father-land, that shall ever glow  
Like a jeweled star, in the dim "long ago."

Blest land of adoption, I come!  
From the bitter oppression of home;  
From the sacred hearth, from the groves that wave  
Round my native home, o'er my mother's grave;  
All ties of affection, of birth, I have riven,  
For the dear land of freedom, which Heaven has given,  
Like a treasure of trust, an asylum of rest,  
For the noble, the free, and the basely oppressed.  
Dear father-land, adieu! I come,  
Land of adoption, breathe a welcome home.

## LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Our fathers' God! thy own decree  
 Ordained the Pilgrims to be free;  
 In foreign lands they owned thy care,  
 And found a safe asylum there."

IN the December of 1620 the Mayflower cast anchor in Plymouth Bay. It was just two hundred and thirty-seven years ago this very month in which we write. That period is not so far removed from the present generation as we at first imagine. A simple fact will show this. Peregrine White, who was born after the arrival of the ship at Cape Cod, died in 1704. The great grandfather of the writer was then about twenty years old, and had, we believe, seen and conversed with him. Our grandfather died but a few years since. Thus the event seems removed from us only two generations. The mind is overwhelmed in its effort to realize that the unparalleled transformations upon this continent, since the landing of the Pilgrims, have all taken place within that brief period.

The history of the Pilgrim Fathers is a part of the history of our country—to be read and re-read by each successive generation. No matter, then, how often the story is repeated, or in how many ways and forms it is published. If we would kindle a stern and abiding love of liberty in the breasts of American youth, let them study not merely the Declaration of Independence and the chivalric deeds of the Revolution, but also the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. That history, as it embodies the very marrow of religious and civil liberty, will impart the strength and beauty of its principles to the youthful mind.

It was during the month of July, 1620, that the Pilgrims sailed from Delph Haven, in Holland. The parting between the little band of emigrants and those of the Church who, with their pastor, Rev. John Robinson, remained behind, was affecting in the highest degree. The farewells were mingled with sighs, sobs, and prayers; tears gushed from all eyes; even the Dutch strangers, who stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain their tears. When the moment of parting arrived, Mr. Robinson fell upon his knees, and in a fervent prayer commended them to the guidance and protection of Heaven. They soon reached Southampton, where they found the Mayflower waiting their arrival. They sailed on the 5th of August, but owing to the unseaworthiness of the Speedwell, the smaller vessel, they were compelled to put back to Dartmouth. On the 21st of August they again put to

sea, but from the same cause were compelled to return once more to port. They now landed at Plymouth, when the Speedwell was given up and part of the company remained behind. On the 6th of September the Mayflower left port for the third time, and after a stormy and perilous voyage, on the 9th of November the cheering cry of "land, land," was heard. On the 11th, having come to anchor in Cape Cod harbor, the day was spent in religious services. They all prostrated themselves upon their knees—it is refreshing to think that the Pilgrim Fathers *kneeled*—and poured out their thanksgiving to God, who had so graciously brought them safely over the broad ocean.

Their next movement was *organization*. They formed a solemn compact or covenant, to which all the adult males, forty-one in number, appended their names. The females and children increased the company to one hundred and one. John Carver was unanimously chosen Governor. Their military captain was Miles Standish, "unto whom was adioyned for counsell and aduise" three others. No regularly-accredited minister accompanied the Pilgrims, nor did any follow them for some years. But Mr. Brewster, a ruling elder, was to them both pastor and elder till the day of his death, in 1629. Mr. Hubbard, in his History of New England, says, that though the people desired it, "he could never be prevailed with to accept the ministerial office."

Having organized, the little band commenced their explorations to obtain a suitable location for settlement. The narrative of their journeys and adventures, given in the "Relation, or Journal," of the Pilgrims, will greatly interest the reader. It was not till the 11th of December—Forefather's Day—that they selected the site which they afterward called Plymouth, in honor of the kindness received in the last port from which they sailed in England.

We must at this point give the narration of the Pilgrims in their own words:

"10. of December, on the Sabbath day wee rested, and on Munday we sounded the harbour, and found it a very good Harbour for our shipping; we marched also into the Land, and found divers corne fields, and little running brookes, a place very good for scituacion, so we returned to our Ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts.

"On the fifteenth day, we waighed Anchor, to go to the place we had discovered, and comming within two leagues of the Land, we could not fetch the Harbour, but were faine to put roome againe towards Cape Cod, our course lying West;

and the winde was at North west, but it pleased God that the next day being Saturday the 16. day, the winde came faire, and wee put to Sea againe, and came safely into a safe Harbour; and within halfe an houre the winde changed, so as if we had bene letted but a little, we had gone backe to *Cape Cod*. This Harbour is a Bay greater than *Cape Cod*, compassed with a goodly Land, and in the Bay, 2. fine Ilands uninhabited, wherein are nothing but wood, Oakes, Pines, Wal-nut, Beech, Sasifras, Vines, and other trees which wee know not; This Bay is a most hopefull place, innumerable store of fowle, and excellent good, and cannot but bee of fish in their seasons: Skote, Cod, Turbot, and Herring, wee haue tasted of; abundance of Muscles the greatest & best that ever we saw; Crabs and Lobsters, in their time infinite. It is in fashion like a Cikle or Fish-hooke.

"Munday the 18. day, we went a land, manned with the Maister of the Ship, and 3. or 4. of the Saylers; we marched along the coast in the woods, some 7. or 8. myle, but saw not an *Indian* nor an *Indian* house, only we found where formerly, had bene some Inhabitants, and where they had planted their corne: we found not any Navigable River, but 4. or 5. small running brookes of very sweet fresh water, that all run into the Sea: The Land for the crust of the earth is a spits depth, excellent blacke mold and fat in some places, 2. or 3. great Oakes but not very thicke, Pines, Wal-nuts, Beech, Ash, Birch, Hasell, Holley, Asp, Sasifras, in abundance, & Vines euery where, Cherry trees, Plum trees, and many other which we know not; many kinds of hearbes, we found heere in Winter, as Strawberry leaues innumerable, Sorrell, Yarow, Caruell, Brook-lime, Liver-wort, Water-cresses, great store of Leekes, and Onyons, and an excellent strong kind of Flaxe, and Hempte; here is sand, gravell, and excellent clay no better in the Worlde, excellent for pots, and will wash like sope, and great store of stone, though somewhat soft, and the best water that euer we drunke, and the Brookes now begin to be full of fish; that night many being weary with marching, wee went abourd againe.

"The next morning being Tuesday the 19. of December, wee went againe to discover further; some went on Land, and some in the Shallopp; the land we found as the former day we did, and we found a Creeke, and went vp three English myles, a very pleasant river; at full Sea, a Barke of thirty tonne may goe  $\uparrow$ p, but at low water scarce our Shallopp could passe: this place we had a great liking to plant in, but that it was so farre from our fishing our principall profit, and so incompassed with woods, that we should bee in

much danger of the Salvages, and our number being so little, and so much ground to cleare, so as wee thought good to quit and cleare that place, till we were of more strength; some of vs hauing a good minde for safety to plant in the greater Ile, wee crossed the Bay which there is five or sixe myles ouer, and found the Ile about a myle and a halfe, or two myles about, all wooded, and no fresh water but 2. or 3. pits, that we doubted of fresh water in Summer, and so full of wood, as we could hardly cleare so much as to serue vs for Corne, besides wee iudged it colde for our Corne, and some part very rockie, yet diuers thought of it as a place defensible, and of great securitie.

"That night we returned againe a ship board, with resolution the next morning to settle on some of those places. So in the morning, after we had called on God for direction, we came to this resolution, to goe presently ashore againe, and to take a better view of two places, which we thought most fitting for vs, for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially, our Beere, and it being now the 19. of December. After our landing and viewing of the places, so well as we could, we came to a conclusion, by most voyces, to set on the maine Land, on the first place, on an high ground, where there is a great deale of Land cleared, and hath bene planted with Corne three or four yeares agoe, and there is a very sweet brooke runnes vnder the hill side, and many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunke, and where we may harbour our Shallops and Boates exceeding well, and in this brooke much good fish in their seasons: on the further side of the river also much Corne ground cleared: in one field is a great hill, on which wee poynte to make a plat-forme, and plant our Ordinance, which will command all round about; from thence we may see into the Bay, and farre into the Sea, and we may see thence *Cape Cod*: our greatest labour will be fetching of our wood, which is halfe a quarter of an English myle, but there is enough so farre off; what people inhabite here we yet know not, for as yet we haue seene none, so there we made our Randevous, and a place for some of our people about twentie, resolving in the morning to come all ashore, and to build houses; but the next morning, being Thursday the 21. of December, it was stormie and wett, that we could not goe ashore, and those that remained there all night could doe nothing, but were wett, not having dailight enough to make them a sufficient court of gard, to keepe them dry. All that night it blew and rayned extreemely; it was so tempestuous, that the Shallopp could not goe on land so

soone as was meet, for they had no victuals on land. About 11. a Clocke the Shallop went off with much adoe with provision, but could not returne it blew so strong, and was such foule weather, that we were forced to let fall our Anchor, and ride with three Anchors an head.

"Fryday the 22. the storme still continued, that we could not get a-land, nor they come to vs aboard: this morning Good wife *Alderton* was delivered of a sonne, but dead borne.

"Saturday the 23. so many of vs as could, went on shore, felled and carried tymbre, to provide themselves stufte for building.

"Munday the 25. day, we went on shore, some to fell tymbre, some to saw, some to riue, and some to carry, so no man rested all that day, but towards night some as they were at worke, heard a noyse of some *Indians*, which caused vs all to goe to our Muskets, but we heard no further, so we came aboard againe, and left some twentie to keepe the court of gard; that night we had a sore storme of wynde and rayne.

"Munday the 25. being Christmas day, we began to drinke water aboard, but at night the Master caused vs to haue some Beere, and so on boord we had diuerse times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all.

"Tuesday the 26. it was foule weather, that we could not goe ashore.

"Wednesday the 27. we went to worke againe.

"Thursday the 28. of *December*, so many as could went to worke on the hill, where we purposed to build our platforme for our Ordinance, and which doth command all the plaine, and the *Bay*, and from whence we may see farre into the sea, and might be easier impayled, having two rowes of houses and a faire streete. So in the afternoone we went to measure out the grounds, and first, we tooke notice how many Families they were, willing all single men that had no wiues to ioine with some Familie, as they thought fit, that so we might build fewer houses, which was done, and we reduced them to 19. Families; to greater Families we allotted larger plots, to euery person halfe a pole in breadth, and three in length, and so Lots were cast where euery man should lie, which was done, and staked out; we thought this proportion was large enough at the first, for houses and gardens, to impale them round, considering the weaknes of our people, many of them growing ill with coldes, for our former Discoveries in frost and stormes, and the wading at Cape *Cod* had brought much weakenes amongst vs, which increased so euery day more and more, and after was the cause of many of their deaths.

"Fryday and Saturday, we fitted our selues for our labour, but our people on shore were much troubled and discouraged with rayne and wett that day, being very stormie and cold; we saw great smokes of fire made by the *Indians* about six or seauen myles from vs as we conjectured.

"Munday the first of *January*, we went betimes to worke; we were much hindred in lying so farre off from the Land, and faine to goe as the tyde served, that we lost much time, for our Ship drew so much water, that she lay a myle and almost a halfe off, though a ship of seuentie or eightie tun at high water may come to the shore.

"Wednesday the third of *January*, some of our people being abroad, to get and gather thatch, they saw great fires of the *Indians*, and were at their Corne fields, yet saw none of the Savages, nor had seene any of them since wee came to this Bay.

"Thursday the fourth of *January*, Captaine *Miles Standish* with foure or fve more, went to see if they could meet with any of the Savages in that place where the fires were made; they went to some of their houses, but not lately inhabited, yet could they not meete with any; as they came home, they shot at an Eagle and killed her, which was excellent meat; It was hardly to be discerned from Mutton.

"Fryday the fifth of *January*, one of the Saylers found aline vpon the shore an Hering, which the Master had to his supper, which put vs in hope of fish, but as yet we had got but one Cod; we wanted small hookes."

Our space will not allow us to quote farther. On the 5th of April, 1621, the *Mayflower* sailed for England, having remained five months to aid the colonists in effecting their settlement.

Now let the reader turn to the engraving. As the noble figure in the foreground, followed by an equally noble woman, strikes the eye, we are reminded of Mrs. Sigourney's ode:

"O, noble Carver! boundless is thy wealth,  
In the pure heart that thus doth cling to thine,  
With all the trustfulness of woman's love,  
And all its firm endurance. He who boasts  
Such comforter shall find the barren heath  
Thick sown with flowers of Eden."

On the right, a placid, almost pensive countenance robes the chivalric soul of Miles Standish:

"Rest on thy sword, thou man of blood, and muse,  
Thy fading Rose beside thee. Bow and ask  
Strength for new warfare, when the savage foe  
Shall plant his ambush, and the secret shaft  
Ring through the forest, while the war-whoop wakes  
The frightened infant on its mother's breast."

The two forms kneeling just in front again remind us of the muse :

"Prithee, John Alden, say thy prayers with zeal,  
Forgetful of thy comeliness, and her  
Who Cupid's subtle snare shall weave for thee,  
When, here and there, the settler's roofs shall mix  
With the fresh verdure of this stranger soil."

Then the eye is attracted to that touching manifestation of the tender affections—more touching from the bleak, chilling aspect of the scene around :

"Pale and sweet,  
Ah! suffering bride of Winslow, 't is in vain  
That thus he fondly clasps thy fragile hand :  
He may not guard thee from the ghastly foe  
That on thy forehead stamps the seal of doom.  
He can not keep thee, lady. Snows may chill  
Thy foot, that England's richest carpets prest,  
A little while, and then the soul that sits  
Bright on thine upraised eye, shall heavenward soar."

We have space for a single word only, and that shall be to protest against the injustice history has done to those noble women who composed part of the company brought by the Mayflower to our shores. Its very silence is injustice.

### SPICE ISLANDS

VISITED IN THE SEA OF EDITORIAL READING.

MOSSES.

NO spot is too desolate, none too sterile, for mosses to inhabit and enliven. From Spitzbergen to the islands on the Antarctic Ocean, along the sides of lofty mountains, in the most exposed situations, crouching on wild heaths, overspreading old walls, nestling in hedges, clinging to the bark of trees, loving much and equally frost and snow, wind and tempest, needing nothing but moisture for their sustenance—everywhere they may be seen, adding fresh beauty even to the loveliest spots, making gay the solitary places of the earth, and causing the arid desert to rejoice and be glad. Not only are they the first plants which, as by a miracle, make their appearance in a newly-formed soil, but with fond tenacity they cling to the spot where they have once taken root, long after all other plants have deserted it, and, tender in their nature, delicate in structure though they be, show wonderful power in resisting influences which are generally fatal to the vegetable creation.

NATURE AND BOOKS.

When the labors of the day are over, the delicious calm of candlelight invites us to quiet intercourse with one of the great spirits of the past,

or one of their worthy successors in the present. It is well thus to refresh the mind with literature. Contact with nature, and her inexhaustible wealth, is apt to beget an impatience at man's achievements : and there is danger of the mind becoming so immersed in details, so strained to contemplation of the physical glories of the universe, as to forget the higher grandeurs of the soul, the nobler beauties of the moral universe. From this danger we are saved by the thrill of a fine poem, the swelling sympathy with a noble thought, which flood the mind anew with a sense of man's greatness and the greatness of his aspirations. It is not wise to dwarf man by comparisons with nature ; only when he grows presumptuous may we teach him modesty by pointing to her grandeur. At other times it is well to keep before us our high calling and our high estate. Literature, in its finest moods, does this. And when I think of the delight given by every true book to generation after generation, molding souls and humanizing savage impetuositities, exalting hopes and prompting noblest deeds, I vary the poet's phrase and exclaim :

An honest book's the noblest work of man!

THE EXPECTED MESSENGER.

For weary days and nights his coming had been anticipated. Love had kept its nightly vigils by the cradle side. "Hope against hope" kept the heart from bursting. Only those who have waited anxiously, and waited long, in painful suspense, can appreciate such thrilling moments. At midnight, when all was silent as the grave, save the quick, short breathing of the little sleeper, a watcher said, "He will come ere the morning sun look in at the window." "O, that he might tarry long, yea, forever," was the first impulsive outburst of bleeding hearts! Unwelcome messengers darken every door they enter. But O! how dark when the visitor comes to dash away cups of human joy! Say, reader, did you ever wait through the still, solemn night for the coming of such a guest? When the clock struck twelve was there no startling significance in the announcement, "He will come ere the sun is up!" How much of life, hope, and fear were crowded into those remaining hours!

For a moment we rested upon a pillow. Dreams, full of bright, heavenly visions, delighted the spirit as they bore it away to Elysian fields. But the sweet spell was broken by the sound of a voice, "He has come! He has come!" In an instant we were leaning over the cradle, and looking down into the face of our angel babe. Sure enough—and none but those who have had the

bitter experience can know how terrible is the reality—the expected messenger had come. His name was Death.

THE ONLY IMPERISHABLE WORK.

Ours is an awful destiny! Here before us is MAN, a being girt and equipped for the race of eternity—a being, to the range of whose powers and acquisitions there is no limit short of the infinite. It is the primary and great work with each of us, that of building up his own individual character, under all the lights and impulses which Christianity supplies. Here we build for eternity. It is the only human work over which time can have no power. No material catastrophe can touch the soul thus endowed and trained.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

UNION WITH CHRIST.

"Apart from me ye can produce no fruit." Supreme sympathy with God is the life of your spiritual nature, and without life there can be no growth, efflorescence, or fruit. But you can no more obtain this without Christ's revelation than the branch can derive its vital sap when cut off from its parent stock. Skeptics may sneer at Christianity, they may exaggerate its difficulties and deny its truth. What of that? Humanity demands it, if humanity is to progress. Can the river flow when cut off from its fountains? Can the tree grow when uprooted from its mother-soil? Can the planet shine when severed from the sun? Can you see nature's beauties without the light? Can you breathe without the flowing air? No more can I believe, even on philosophic grounds, that my nature can travel on the path of true advancement without Christianity. "Without me ye can do nothing." No, illustrious Teacher! We shall never tread the upward path of being without thee!

"Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's  
Contracted circle set my heart at large;  
Eliminate my spirit, give it range  
Through provinces of thought yet unexplored;  
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,  
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee."

SMALL THINGS.

Pope Adrian lost his life by a *gnat*. A distinguished Romish counselor lost his life by a *hair*. Anacreon, the famous Greek poet, lost his life by the *seed of a grape*. The Emperor Charles the Sixth was deprived of his life by a *mushroom*.

PURITY.

(SEE TITLE-PAGE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

PURITY is predicated of the gold which is freed from its alloy; of the water from which every foreign substance has been separated; and of the air when unobscured by smoke or dust, or mist or cloud. Each bears its appropriate signs of purity. The gold in its greater compactness, adaptation, and durability; the water in its sweetness to the taste, and in the beneficent uses which it subserves without obstruction or hinderance; the air in its transparency to the eye, in the pleasurable sensation produced as it is inhaled into the lungs, and in the renewed life it imparts to the whole system.

Purity of soul likewise implies freedom from whatever clogs its vital action, weakens its power, or unfits it for its uses. As in the case of the gold, the water, the air, the greater its purity, the better its adaptation to its great uses and ends. So also it has its tests, and even its outward manifestations. It is written upon the countenance, expressed in the motions, and beams from the eye.

It is a physiological fact that our desires, feelings, passions, impress a peculiar expression, according to their nature, upon the countenance. How serene and almost angelic the countenance upon which the sanctified soul has left the impress of its own purity! The countenance of Moses, when he came down from the mount of God, beamed with heavenly and dazzling brightness. In the transition of a new-born soul into the kingdom of Christ, how often is the change that occurs within symbolized by the corresponding change without! The countenance just before shaded by darkness and despair, is now lit up with the brilliancy of its new-born spiritual life. Who has not been awed and thrilled by the deep spiritual expression beaming upon the countenance of the dying saint, in whom all the fires of earthly kindling have died out, and to whom the serene vision and seraphic joys of the heavenly state are being unveiled?

What figures does heaven employ to symbolize this purity of soul! It is the whiteness of "wool," of "snow." The poet sings,

"Christ shall in me appear."

But we must remember that purity is not a state of being merely; it is also a life. If Christ Jesus condescends to honor that state by setting, as it were, his own seal upon our very humanity, how should the life also illustrate the divinity of that seal! Purity of being leads to purity of action.

## THE SILENT TOWER.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, M. A.

"But why are Bottveaux' echoes still?  
Her tower stands proudly on the hill:  
Yet the strange chough that home has found;  
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground."

BOSCASTLE is a picturesque village, situated on the north coast of Cornwall, about five miles from the ancient borough of Camelford. The origin of the village appears to be connected with that of the castle, which was long the residence of the Bottveaux family. At what period this baronial edifice was erected is uncertain. Doubtless it was of great antiquity. Even in Leland's time, every vestige, save the mound on which it stood, was entirely gone.

Throughout England there is nothing, perhaps, more striking, in its own peculiar features, than the coast for many miles in this interesting locality. The mixture of the sublime and the terrible, with all that is lovely and picturesque, is at once presented to the eye. The amazing height of the rugged cliffs—the grandeur of the mighty ocean, with its crested surges, rolling in unbroken succession with a sweep of three thousand miles across the great Atlantic, and with a roar that may be heard at an immense distance—and the beautiful and extensive valleys, occasionally dotted with brush-wood, which may be seen in the inland parts—all conspire to form a scene of incomparable sublimity.

At a short distance from Boscastle, and in the midst of these frowning rocks and sterile glens, is a fine waterfall, which is known by the name of "Nathan's Kieve," which pours its foaming streams from dark and cavernous inlets within the rocky sides of a most romantic ravine. There are few persons, I believe, who have visited this part of the Cornish coast, who have not been also attracted to this beautiful spot; and the general impression produced in their minds has been that of impassioned delight.

Let us imagine a person of a cultivated mind, and possessing a taste for the sublime and beautiful in nature—whose life has been chiefly spent in some crowded city, or confined within the precincts of some manufacturing district, where the volumes of smoke, arising from a hundred lofty chimneys, have almost obscured the rays of the sun at midday—let us suppose it possible to convey him in his sleep to these romantic dales, and place him at the foot of "Nathan's Kieve;" and then abruptly awaken him on a lovely summer's evening, just as the sun was sinking in the west—what would be his sensations while gazing on the

mountainous eminences around him, intersected with rugged chasms—the mossy banks, the various-colored wild flowers, and, above all, the mighty dash of waters down the declivities of the rock before him, diversified into light and shade by a partial gleaming of the setting sun! Would he not imagine that he was under the illusion of some happy dream, and that all he saw and heard was a fairy vision?

You know, Mr. Editor, my enthusiastic love for the beauties of nature. It is no wonder, therefore, that when visiting such scenes as I have here described, the *Muse* should "take me on her airy wing," as the following sonnet will show:

Near Bottveaux' cliffs, and verging toward the sea,  
Lies a deep valley: oft the pilgrim strays  
Along its rugged paths, with noiseless step,  
To seek a shelter from the noontide rays.

The wild-flowers gently waving in the breeze,  
The moss-grown banks and ever-verdant trees,  
With many a purling brook that murmurs by,  
At once attract his philosophic eye.

And as he bends his course to Nathan's Kieve,  
O'er the rough crags which strew the pathway near,  
The sound of waters, tumbling from the rocks,  
Rushes tremendous on his startled ear.  
Stranger! if rural peace thy breast can cheer,  
Hie to these tranquil shades and thou shalt find her here.

For several miles along the rugged coast in this neighborhood, a number of towns may be seen situated on the rocky heights. Among these, the church tower of Bottveaux, or, as it is now called, Boscastle, forms a conspicuous object. It stands on the summit of a high cliff, overlooking the sea. It is sometimes called the silent tower, owing to its having no bells. There is a traditional story in connection with this tower, which the inhabitants relate with much interest. Its insertion in this article may gratify the reader, on account of the excellent moral it conveys.

The neighboring church of Tintagel possessed a peal of bells, which were particularly musical, and being little more than a mile from Boscastle, their silvery tones were distinctly heard when the wind wafted them in that direction. But this was not enough for the inhabitants of the latter place. They must have bells of their own—bells more choice, more melodious, and more costly; in short, bells which should place those of their rival in the shade. Accordingly, a grand effort was made to have as choice a peal as money could purchase. The Lord de Bottveaux, who had vast possessions, was then residing in the castle, and, it is said, subscribed largely toward the purchase, for the benefit of his soul. An order was immediately sent to London, for the bells, to

a founder of the highest reputation. In the course of time they were made, and, after being devoutly blessed by some dignitary of the hierarchy, were dispatched by sea to their destination.

"The ship rode down with courses free,  
The daughter of a distant sea;  
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,  
The merry Bottveaux' bells on board."

The peal thus shipped, had a prosperous voyage till the vessel came into the bay opposite Boscastle. It was toward evening. The weather was particularly fine, and the sea unusually smooth. The bells of Tintagel church were ringing a merry peal, and their beautiful sound boomed along the waves to the ear of the pilot, who was steering the ship. His heart began to beat with grateful emotions as he listened to their well-known tones. "Thank God!" he exclaimed in an audible voice, "this evening we shall be on shore."

"Thank the ship, rather," said the captain, "and you may thank God when on land."

"Nay," answered the pilot, "we should thank God every-where."

"Go to; thou art a fool! Thank thyself and a steady helm."

This strain continued for a considerable time. The captain jeered the pilot, calling him a whining knave. And the pilot still maintained that it was the duty of all to thank God, whether on sea or land; but more especially the former, as the sea was a place of danger. At length the captain waxed choleric, and swore such dreadful oaths and uttered such dreadful blasphemies, as caused the heart of the devout pilot to quake.

The vessel, in the mean time, was in sight of the tower, which only lacked the bells to be a fair rival of Tintagel. Many of the villagers were waiting its approach on the cliff, but above all, upon that called Willapark Point, overlooking the rocky gulf, known as the Black Pit—in expectation of soon receiving on shore the precious freight.

But the blasphemy of the captain was not to go unpunished. A storm suddenly arose, and the heavens grew black with clouds and wind. "The sea wrought and was tempestuous." The people on shore looked from their rocky eminences with dismay on this rapid yet fearful change. Nearer and nearer drove the vessel into the bay, and when scarcely a mile from the church tower, which was full in view, a monstrous sea struck her; she gave a lurch, and went down, bells and all! The pilot, who was a good swimmer, was taken up by a daring fisherman, who ventured through the storm to his assistance.

The storm continued to rage with unabated

fury, and the clang of the bells—so says the tradition—was distinctly heard, dull, as if muffled by the waves, through which the sound rose out of the ocean depths, in solemn tollings, at intervals clearly distinguishable from the roar of the wind and waves.

"Long did the rescued pilot tell,  
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,  
While those around would hear and weep,  
This fearful judgment of the deep."

The tower is still without bells, but its "expressive silence" is more useful to the inhabitants than the most melodious peal, inasmuch as it brings to their remembrance an awful example of the Divine retribution upon a bold and impious blasphemer.

#### REGULATION OF THE BODY.

PLEASURE results not from the body alone, nor from that which acts upon it alone, but from the relation of the two. It is as music from the Eolian harp. Let the harp be well strung, and it matters little what wind may blow. So of the body. It is only when this is well strung by temperance, and has that vigor and perfection of all the senses by which it is best fitted to serve the mind, that it is most perfectly in harmony with all those natural objects which are adapted to give it pleasure. The sensitive organization of man was made to respond to the whole of nature. But when he begins to make upon his system drafts of artificial excitement for the express purpose of pleasure, his relations to those sources of temperate and lasting pleasure which God has provided are changed. Quiet and simple pleasures become insipid; passive impressions become weaker; stronger and still stronger excitement is required; and the dividends of pleasure are increased only by drawing on the capital stock. The natural birthright of the senses is rejected—sold for a mess of pottage. Thenceforward the man knows nothing of sunrises and sunsettings, and the glories of night, and the march of seasons, and the singing of birds. Sensation is more and more divorced from that union with intellect and sentiment by which it may be transfigured. Instead of being mingled in the feast of life as a condiment, it is concentrated with an unwholesome drug that stimulates and bewilders its victim for a time, and then palls upon the sense. Thus it is that the use of the sensitive organization for a purpose lower than that for which it was intended, is not only wickedness but folly. It is just here that many make shipwreck.

## LADY HAMILTON.

BY S. B. C.

"Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth."—BIBLE.

GOD has given to woman a gentler spirit than to man; a heart more keenly alive to the wants and woes of her race, more ready to be laid, if need be, upon the altar of sacrifice in place of the beloved. Finer sensibilities, more delicate perceptions—in a word, more of heaven remains with her than with her sterner mate. None will deny her this meed of praise while she remains a woman. But let her cast off the heaven-sent vail of modesty, and assume the mask of deceit; let her overcome the fear of God, and scorn the opinion of man, and we fearlessly assert that while, under the same circumstances, man, though madly sinning, will still be a man—she becomes a very fiend, glorying in her shame. To become such, she must break a stronger chain, surmount higher barriers, and burst through thicker bosses than he. That fearful victory gained, she rejoices in the might of her will, and avails herself of her horrid liberty. How rarely is there a man, however fallen, whose lip quivers not at the name of mother, and whose eye melts not at the once fond word "wife;" while every prison will show women who scoff at the early restraints of home, and laugh to scorn a mother's prayers; who even cast from their selfish bosoms their tender, unsinning babes, because of the trouble, not the shame, they bring. If our life is to be imbibed by one foe, God grant that foe may not be a woman.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, there wandered from Chester, in England, a miserably-clad and wan-looking woman, carrying a bright-eyed baby on her back. She had been out at service, and was now returning in weariness and poverty to her home among the Welsh hills, hoping to find among the humble people there that sympathy which she could not expect from strangers. There she toiled or begged, as her child grew up remarkable for her great personal beauty, called, probably for a good reason, by two names; no one knowing which was the real one, Emma Hart or Emma Lyon.

We next hear of the little girl going out as a child's nurse, at the early age of thirteen, and even then remarkable for the wonderful grace and ease of her movements. It might be that here the poison-seed of flattery was dropped into the genial soil of her uncultivated heart, and that the confinement of the nursery became unpleasant. She soon sought a place of more free-

dom, and at the age of sixteen, having been some little time a maid of all work with a tradesman, she left, and became a lady's maid in a family of some rank. Without education or moral principle, she was here cast upon herself for amusement, and knew not what to do with so much leisure as she now found. She soon became, perhaps in imitation of her young mistress, a constant reader, and a great admirer of romances and plays. She often personated characters when alone, and practiced attitudes before the mirror, her own vain heart assuring her the while of the grace with which it was done. To gratify her appetite for display, as well as to convince herself of her own superior powers, she now began to frequent cheap playhouses, till she became quite enslaved by the allurements of the drama. The time she spent in reading, practicing, and arranging her drapery, and the spirit with which she entered into her new art, wholly unfitted her for the light duties of her situation as lady's maid. She was dismissed, as indolent and useless, and was thus again, with her fearful heritage of grace and beauty, cast homeless, friendless, and without a shadow of moral principle, upon the world, so full of sin and temptation. She now sought the society of those whose tastes were congenial to her own. Unable to secure it on the footing of equality, she took a situation as servant in a public house much frequented by the artists, musicians, and actors of the theaters. Here, if she may be believed, she walked pure amid all manner of impurity; virtuous, while surrounded by the grossest licentiousness. Her brilliancy of person and elegance of manners won for her admiration, without respect, and, step by step, she descended into the thorny paths of the destroyer. Falling out with her employers, she was turned out again, and wandered penniless the streets of London. She now fell in with a miserable fellow, by profession a quack doctor, who prided himself on some magnificent theory, which, springing from his own soft brain, was to bring universal healing to the nation. He proposed to take Emma Lyon under his protection—if such his patronage could be called—and exhibit her as his newly-discovered goddess, Hygeia. So low had she now fallen, so utterly was her woman's soul stripped of its birthright—modesty—that she exhibited herself to the vulgar gaze; her matchless form veiled from the eye only by drapery of the lightest gauze. The tale of her marvelous beauty and graceful performances soon spread beyond the coarse circle of the quack doctor. Painters, sculptors, and private gentlemen, of more taste than principle, now flocked to the exhibitions,

much to the surprise, no doubt, of the proprietor. They also visited his house, to witness her performances in private; and such was her deep artfulness, that she carried herself, even in these circumstances, with such modesty as to blind them entirely to her real baseness. She won their deep sympathy, as a homeless child, driven to this last resort; and with still an outward shadow of the virtue which truly dwelt in her heart, she kept herself thus from starvation. The painter Romney looked upon her, in his professional enthusiasm, as the very embodiment of spiritual purity, and would gladly have linked his name with hers, even though to do so had been to lay upon the altar the reputation so dear to an artist. She had, however, caught, by her shining bait, a more desirable captive, Charles Greville, of the house of Warwick. This gentleman, high in favor with the great, shrank from the ignominy of such a marriage, and yet he bound himself to her by an unholy tie, which was far more disgraceful. Nor was she, like most of her class, soon cast off as a worthless toy. By her consummate artfulness, she retained her strong hold upon his affections, notwithstanding the unbounded extravagance which eventually proved his ruin. There was in her nothing left to love; and yet this young gentleman of education, fortune, and fashion found himself united to her by bonds too tender for him to sever. He was fettered by her, hand, heart, and soul; her husband in all but the name, and the father of her three daughters.

When the long threatening cloud of disgrace and bankruptcy burst at length upon him, robbing him of his offices of trust, and casting him into an interminable labyrinth of debt, he was just on the eve of recognizing her as his wife, at the altar of God, so blinded was he to the vices which the world saw in this wicked woman. All the threatenings of God's word against him who suffers himself to be drawn away by such as she, were fulfilled in the case of Charles Greville.

There seems to have been one redeeming trait in the heart of this deluded man. When overwhelmed with ruin himself, he did not cast her off, although no longer able to provide for her, or to make her at that time his wife. His uncle, Sir William Hamilton, who was foster brother to George III, was, at that time, ambassador of the British court to Naples. He was now in London, and under his protection Greville placed Emma Lyon, till he should be able to claim her as his own. She accompanied the minister to his southern home, and there conducted herself with the strictest propriety, and set herself to work to ob-

tain some education, that she might be able to appear well, and to hide her early disadvantages. She was presented at the Neapolitan court, where she at once took royalty and nobility captive by her charms. The men of letters and of art who were guests at the mansion of Sir William, were unbounded in their praises of her person and acquirements—for she really made the educated believe, almost against the evidences of their own senses, that she, too, had drank deep of the Pierian spring. For the gratification of such visitors, she would display her powers of imitation; first, she would assume all the graceful attitudes she had practiced, and then personate any character which an artist or an amateur might call for. It is said that one long strip of white cloth which she disposed in endless varieties of ways, was all the costume she needed to portray a Hebrew maiden, a Roman matron, a Helen, an Aspasia, or a heathen divinity. Sir William, delighted by the attentions she received, and enamored himself of her charms, began to think he had found the pearl among women. He offered to cancel all the debts of Greville, and to place him on his former footing, if he would but yield all claims he had to the hand of the fair enchantress. Whether absence had conquered the ardor of his affection, or whether the galling chain of poverty had severed the silken one of love, we know not; but he gave up his right, and, in 1791, we find the grave knight, high in royal favor, hitherto wedded to science and philosophy, leading to the altar this low-born, uneducated, and impure woman; hoodwinked by her art, till he verily believed himself the choicest favorite of Heaven.

With the power of a magician, Lady Hamilton swayed the royal hearts, made herself the Queen's confidant, sharing her sleeping-room, and, as a penalty, arousing the jealousy of the ladies at court. She assumed airs, ill befitting her, toward persons of rank, which they resented, and for this were disgraced by the Queen, and treated as criminals.

Thus elevated from the very mire of degradation, it might seem that an elegant home and good society would satisfy her hitherto restless spirit. But no; she must have full scope for intrigue and conquest. There now appeared in Naples one whose fame and station made him fitting game for her arrows. Lord Nelson, the idol of a mighty nation, was appointed to the command of the British forces in Naples. Troubles arising between the French and Neapolitan governments, the royal family of the latter kingdom were forced to flee for safety, under the protection

of England's hero, to Sicily. Lady Hamilton, with whom he was already on terms of close intimacy, accompanied him under cover of her favor with the royal household. This connection was the means of a separation between himself and Lady Nelson. After the cessation of the war she returned to Naples under his protection; and when Sir William was recalled, the titled sailor resigned his post, and appeared in London with his captor and her poor duped husband. But the purer state of public morals here openly rebuked this bold intimacy, and the virtuous refused to wink at immorality, even in high places. Some nine years after her marriage, Lady Hamilton became the mother of a daughter, whom, in defiance of all sense of shame, she boldly called by the name of Nelson. Sir William dying not long after, she took up her residence at a seat which Lord Nelson purchased for her, where she continued till his death, when she was again free to go her chosen way.

Reduced in circumstances, despised by all, and forsaken of many of her charms, she fled her country, and, with Nelson's daughter, took up her abode in a poorly-furnished house in the outskirts of Calais. Here she reaped the full harvest of the seeds she had all her lifetime been sowing. Friendless, penniless, hopeless, she was at last driven to cast herself as a common pauper upon the city, and, dying thus, she was interred in a public burial-ground—a potter's field—which has since then become a common lumber-yard. A humble pillar, erected by some pitying countryman, marks the spot, where, amid noise, dust, and rubbish, lies the form which drew forth such admiration from high and low. Upon the coarse pillow of charity lies the paled cheek once flushed with the pride of conscious beauty; in that dark prison-house is quenched the light of her all-conquering eye. A little dust, in a pauper's coffin, in a ruined cemetery—this is all that is left of her who was so famous as “Nelson's Emma”—all, save a tarnished name and a polluted memory. A sad warning has she left to the lowly who repine at their Heaven-appointed lot, and would seek to rise from it by casting off the robe of virtue. She is remembered as a woman wholly lost to modesty, as the divider of happy families, the ruin of the unwary, the revenger of all who would not fall down before her unholy shrine, the abuser of a husband's generous confidence, the instigator to deeds of needless cruelty on the part of her captive hero, and, lastly, her betrayal of him when his lips were sealed in death; she having, contrary to all the dictates of decency, sold, for publication, the secret letters of Lord

Nelson to herself; thus draping with everlasting shame the private character of a mighty man, for whose valor and naval success the world delights to do him honor. Truly saith holy writ of such as she, “She hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her.” “There is nothing new under the sun;” therefore we need be surprised at no development of depravity in the heart of woman; for, when once fallen, she is more artful, more debased than man. “Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but the woman that feareth the Lord, *she* shall be praised.”

### THE CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

HAVE you ever noticed how beautiful the clouds look when the sun sets? Sometimes so bright that you can scarcely look at them, and richly tinted with purple, gold, and rose color. Yes, you must often have seen them with pleasure, and perhaps have thought, as a little boy did whom I knew, “There is the power and the glory mentioned in the Lord's prayer.” Very possibly you may have wondered what those beautifully-colored clouds were, floating up so high above you; but did you ever think that perhaps they yesterday formed part of the dirty puddles of our street, trodden under foot by every passer-by? Or, it may be, they formed a part of the ugly, unsightly ditches about the great city. Some of them may have helped to form part of a noble river, while others may have been the pretty little sparkling dew-drops, which you saw on the grass, or glittering among the spiders' webs in the gardens as you went to school. But the sun has collected the dew and the water from the roads, and drawn up the moisture to the skies, together with some from the rivers, the ditches, and wherever there is water. It is the sun that has raised them from earth to heaven, and to him they owe their beauty and brightness.

Thus it will be in the resurrection at the last great day, when Christ shall have collected his people, who are now scattered over the earth like water. They now, it may be, have their portion among the noble and the great, like the water of a mighty river; or they may be poor and despised, like the puddles in the street or the ditches of the city; or smiling, bright-eyed little ones, like the dew-drops on the grass; but then they will all, whether small or great, be lifted up to heaven, and shine alike with the brightness and glory of the Sun of righteousness.

## PENCILINGS AND PORTRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

PIETY ON A THRONE—QUEEN ESTHER.

BY DANIEL WISE.

ESTHER, the orphan daughter of a Jewish captive, the cousin of Mordecai, and the queen of a sensual though powerful prince, is one of the most interesting female characters in history. True, we know but little of her life. The muse of history has left an impenetrable cloud over the greater number of her actions and experiences, and has revealed her to the curious eyes of mankind through a few occasional rifts only. Yet through those openings she shines like the full-orbed moon, when it sails in soft and peerless beauty behind a sea of sullen clouds. We see her but a few times, and but for a few moments at a time; yet such is the softened stateliness, the gentle loveliness, the moral grandeur of her aspect, that she writes her image ineffaceably on our minds, lives in our affections, and compels us to give her no mean place on the roll of honorable, heroic, pious women.

As much of the story of Esther's life as is known can be compressed into a few lines. Let us trace the simple record, and then, with its few incidents before us, we can proceed to study and admire her character.

Of her parentage we know nothing, save that her father's name was Abihail, a Jew, belonging to the tribe of Benjamin. Influenced probably by the love of ease or gain, he chose to remain in Persia, when his people returned from their seventy years' captivity to the lands and cities of their fathers. This Jew and his wife died, leaving their child, Esther, to the care of his nephew, Mordecai.

Mordecai accepted the charge, and reared his orphan cousin with gentleness and care. Of her child-life, her education, her early habits, her youthful pursuits, fancies, and aspirations, we have no account. That she was reared in the Jewish faith is proven by her subsequently pious life. That she spent her early years happily is more than probable, because of the mutual respect and affection obviously existing between her and her guardian. Where love dwells does not happiness always have a seat by the hearth side?

When Esther bloomed into the full beauty of early womanhood, an event occurred which changed the entire current of her destiny, and removed her from the obscurity of her cousin's home and the quietude of humble life, to the royal palace of Persia and the excitement of a sultana's throne. This event was an imperial firman com-

manding the most beautiful virgins in the empire to be sent to the royal harem as candidates for Vashti's vacant throne—for the hand and crown of the royal Ahasuerus—the *Darius Hystaspes* of history. Assuredly the modest Hadassah—Esther's Chaldaic name—could feel no ambition to fill a throne, vacated only because its former occupant had, with true womanly dignity, refused to appear unveiled, at her drunken husband's command, in presence of a mob of riotous nobles. No! it was not from choice, but from compulsion, that the beautiful young Jewess appeared in the harem of the monarch. But her rare beauty having rendered her amenable to the royal firman, she could but submit to its authority and trust the God of Abraham for protection and guidance.

Was not Esther sad when she was led forth from that peaceful home of love, where her orphan's heart had found a resting-place since the day she shed tears of childish despair on her dead mother's face? Felt the maiden no misgivings as she crossed the threshold of the palace and yielded herself to the respectful but heartless care of the curious strangers who gathered round her? Was there no flutter in her heaving breast when mingling thoughts of her cousin's gentle affection, and of her prospect of becoming a queenly bride, swelled her heart? Ay, doubtless, the dark-eyed maiden shed bitter tears as she buried her little head in her silken pillow, that first night of her abode beneath the proud roof of the palace of Shusan. Yet who can say that visions of hope did not mingle with dreams of sadness while she slumbered? Who can forbear to believe that the God she served breathed calmness on her fluttering spirit, and whispered the elevating suggestion, that some high purpose of Providence was guiding her uncertain steps and spinning the thread of her singular destiny? What less than such an impression enabled her to rise with lightsome step on the morrow, and to deport herself with such chastened cheerfulness in presence of the royal chamberlain, as to win his regard above all the beautiful maidens placed beneath his care?

Having passed the tiresome ordeal of a twelve-month's preparation, Esther was led into the imperial presence. Ahasuerus was startled, charmed, delighted. He was familiar with the face of beauty, accustomed to behold the most graceful forms. But the singular style of Esther's beauty took him by surprise. There was a moral purity enthroned on her fair brow, an intellectual light shining in her expressive eye, and an intelligent sweetness in the smiles which played upon her finely-chiseled lips, which he had never seen in

any other maiden. The other virgins were little better than lovely children, fit *toys* for the amusement of a wanton hour. Esther was a beautiful woman, with a thoughtful mind—a fit *companion* for a man and a monarch. Such, at least, is our theory of the causes which led the king to select Esther as the successor of Vashti.

The first years of Esther's married life passed serenely away, like the flow of a full, peaceful river through a quiet valley. At length its current dashed against rocks, and rushing upon rugged shallows was transformed into tumbling eddies and boiling whirlpools. Mordecai, by refusing to prostrate himself before Haman, had brought a terrible edict of death down upon himself and the whole race of Jews then living in Persia. Seeing no other means of escape, he called for the interference of Esther. He required her to try the power of her influence over the king for the deliverance of her people. After a brief period of hesitation she consented. At the risk of her life she ventured to appear at the king's tribunal. With singular sagacity she obtained his presence with Haman at a banquet on two successive days. Having revived her royal husband's declining affections by the combined charms of her beauty and conversation, she pleaded for the life of her people, and succeeded in securing the overthrow of the detested Haman and the neutralization of the impending edict. Her cousin was then elevated to the offices previously filled by his adversary. The current of her life resumed its calm, gentle flow, and does not appear to have been again disturbed by rock or shallow; and though not a word is recorded concerning her end, there is little doubt but that it was as beautiful as her life. A woman, whose life was so unstained, so faithful to duty and to God as hers, could hardly fail to die with the smile of heaven on her spirit.

How little and yet how much this mere outline of Esther's life contains! The acts it delineates are few, but how suggestive they are of character! Brief, and even unsatisfactory, as they are to the inquisitive eye of mere curiosity, they nevertheless admit us to a very near and full view of her mental nature. They assure him who approaches her history, that he stands in presence of a woman of rare intellectual strength, of exquisitely tender sensibilities, of clear moral convictions, of very decided piety, and of a heroic nature. Let us scrutinize her conduct and see if it does not justify these conclusions.

Inferior natures are vain, selfish, weak, and easily subdued by circumstances. Had Esther possessed such a nature, her introduction to the harem of Ahasuerus would have dazzled her im-

agination, uprooted her old attachments, developed her vanity, and led her to seek safety from the edict of Haman in the affection of the king, and in concealment of her Jewish lineage. But she betrays no such signs of a little nature. On the contrary, the Esther of the palace is the Esther of the humble home of Mordecai. Instead of the overweening vanity of a weak mind, disgusting, as it would, the shrewd keeper of the women—the eunuch, Hegai—she displayed an unassuming modesty, which commanded both his respect and admiration. Instead of forgetting or despising her humble cousin and foster father, she retained her love for him, sought his counsel, and “did his commandment” in the palace “like as when she was brought up with him.” Nor did the lapse of years cool the fervor of this almost filial affection, for she made Mordecai's interests her own, and followed his directions even to the imminent peril of her life. Instead of cowering beneath the sword of the vengeful Haman, when it flashed destruction upon her and her race, by concealing the Jewess under the robes of the queen, she heroically defied it, wrested it from its author's hand, and made it recoil with deadly effect upon its owner's head. Assuredly a woman who did these things is not to be ranked among inferior women. A superior intellect, pure affections, lofty moral sentiments, and noble aspirations are the conditions of such deeds as she performed.

The lofty heroism of her nature, as well as the sagacity of her intellect, is conspicuous in that series of great acts by which she saved her nation's life. Let us study her a moment in these most memorable passages of her existence. While she is passing quiet hours in the secluded life of the harem, a terrible decree of death to the Jews of Persia is wrung from that easy, indolent, sensualist, her husband, by the wiles of the malicious Haman. The news of this decree bursts upon her suddenly, like a tropical hurricane. It comes to her through the cry of heart agony with which Mordecai and the Jews rend the air. It is accompanied with a command from her cousin and foster father to use her influence with the king in behalf of him and her people!

Poor Esther! I wonder not that she is startled, amazed, and even alarmed by this command. Had she not been reared, as was the habit of Persian women, apart from the bustle and conflict of life, hardly a spectator, much less an actor in its stirring scenes? Had she not been almost passive under the guidance of her noble cousin's will? Why, then, should she be called upon in this terrible emergency to do violence to her womanly nature and to her lifelong habits, by stepping into

the grand arena of public events and seeking to turn her royal husband's will on a question in which he was guided by his powerful and haughty favorite, Haman? Besides, had not the king's affection for her declined? Had he not forsaken her society for thirty days? Was it not death, even for her, to enter his presence unbidden? How, then, could she save her race? The idea was preposterous. Mordecai was tasking her powers beyond her ability. She can not save her people, and Mordecai must turn elsewhere.

Such are her thoughts as she sends a message to Mordecai declining to fulfill his request. But a stinging reply from her cousin rouses the heroism of her nature. It insinuates that she is selfish; that she seeks to sink the Jewess in the queen, and meanly leave her people to extinction without an effort, because she is herself safe; it assures her that this hope of safety is a dream, for the sword of Haman would pierce her even in the harem of the king. It then appeals to her loftier sentiments. She has been raised from obscurity to a throne! Why? Perhaps for this very emergency. Might she not be the divinely-appointed deliverer of her people?

The insinuation of selfishness wounds Esther's spirit. She feels it is unjust. It was a modest doubt of her power to be helpful, an overwhelming consciousness of inability to achieve so great a result, and not a selfish want of sympathy for her people which had prompted her to decline. Hence, she tramples the insinuation in the dust with a little honest indignation, perhaps. But the appeal to her higher sentiments calls every great impulse of her noble nature into activity. God has raised her to the throne to be the deliverer of her people, and to take rank in their history with Moses, Deborah, Joel, David, and other Jewish heroes! Here, then, is the key to the long-pondered mystery of her wonderful elevation. She seizes it with all the wondrous tenacity of a woman's trust; she consecrates herself to her appointed task with all the fervor of woman's self-devotion; she enters upon it with all the glow of woman's enthusiasm. There is danger, perhaps death, in her path; but, no matter, she is God's appointed instrument. She can afford to die doing Jehovah's bidding.

Such thoughts as these transform her whole nature. She is no longer the passive girl—the purposeless queen, but the lofty heroine, animated by an aim of immeasurable grandeur. The seal of high thought is now set on her more than regal brow, the dignity of the loftiest heroism animates her whole person, as pointing toward the palace-gate she commands her chamberlain:

"Return to Mordecai! tell him I will go in unto the king, which is not according to law: and if I perish, I perish!" Heroic Esther!

Now mark her piety. Had she forgotten God, she would have trusted to her beauty and the king's affection for her influence over him. But her resort to three days of fasting and prayer, her request to the Jews, through Mordecai, to join her in that act of humility, proves most conclusively that this great woman had retained her piety amid the splendors and vices of a Persian palace. Her strength was in God, and she felt it in the profoundest depths of her noble spirit. Such piety is of the very highest order, for it had withstood that severest of ordeals—the elevation of its possessor from an obscure cottage to the first throne in the world!

Her superior sagacity is apparent in every step of her great attempt to save her people. Having fortified her heart by prayer, she takes every human precaution to secure success. She knows the power of her beauty over the king, and she, therefore, adorns herself with every thing that can lighten it. Clad in royal apparel, she stands the embodiment of loveliness before his throne. His eyes are dazzled, his heart is won, and he holds out the golden scepter, the symbol of pardon for entering his presence unbidden. This act places her life beyond present peril. Breathing freely, she touches the scepter. The king bids her ask what she will, even to the half of his kingdom. She modestly requests his presence, with Haman, at a banquet. He grants it. She retires, leaving her husband astonished at a woman who could risk her life to secure his company at a feast. Sagacious Esther!

At the banquet she exerts her power to please to the utmost, and, confident that her influence over him will be strengthened by keeping him in her society, she obtains a promise of his presence at a second feast. He is there again with Haman. He eats, drinks, and listens to the music of her voice, till, intoxicated with admiration of her beauty and talents, he again urges her to prefer her request. The critical moment has arrived. Esther must come into conflict with Haman. If the king's love for her is stronger than his love for Haman, she will succeed—a nation will live. If he loves Haman most, she will fail and perish, and with her a nation will perish. But she need not fear, for man's friendship is always too weak to resist the appeals of woman's love.

Mark how wisely she brings this question to an issue. Her dark eyes sparkle with feeling, big tear-drops roll from their long lashes, her face wears an air of inexpressible sadness, her breast

heaves, and in tones which tremble with emotion, she exclaims,

"If I have found favor in thy sight, O king! let my life be given to me at my petition and my people at my request!"

This address was conceived in a spirit of profound wisdom. The king's heart was filled with the raptures of love for her; he was ready to divide his kingdom with her, when lo! she pleads for—*her life!* No wonder his soul boiled over with sudden wrath upon the unknown plotter against the life of the weeping beauty before him. No wonder that, in a voice of thunder, he demanded the name of the miscreant. And when Esther pointed to the trembling Haman as the guilty culprit, who, while basking in the sunshine of the king's favor, was making him the tool of a plot which was to rob him of his peerless queen, it is not wonderful that his indignation became too furious for expression or that it resulted in the speedy execution of the pampered favorite. Those words of Esther, uttered under those well-chosen circumstances, transformed his long-cherished affection for Haman into an inexpressible desire for vengeance, which sought speedy satisfaction in the ingrate's death.

Thus did Esther save her nation's life; for, as the reader knows, the death of Haman was followed by the elevation of Mordecai, the neutralization of the edict against the Jews, and the permanent ascendancy of Esther's influence in the king's mind.

As a woman Esther is a model. As we have seen, her mind was strong, heroic, sagacious, yet was she docile, gentle, modest. She was singularly beautiful, yet without vanity. Her elevation from the condition of an obscure orphan to the dignity of a throne was such as rarely falls to the lot of woman; yet it begot no pride in her heart; but she remained as humble and teachable on her throne as when she sat on an orphan's couch. Her feelings and habits were retiring as modesty itself; yet when she heard the stern voices of duty calling her into the presence of a court, and even of death itself, she obeyed without a murmur. Surrounded by the influences of a false religion and all the soft seductions of sense, she held fast to her faith and lived an example of piety to all ages. She was called to breathe in an atmosphere of impurity, yet she preserved herself in undimmed purity. Her influence over a powerful king was great, but she used it for the good of humanity and the glory of God only. Blessed be her memory, therefore; and may the study of her character lead her sex to imitate her virtues!

## THE UNBELIEVER.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, A. M.

"The returning spring breathed its balm around him, but he was insensible to the fragrance. Nature shone forth in all its loveliness, but he was blind to every beauty. Spring had indeed shed her genial influence on all around him, but the winter of despair still reigned in his bosom. Ere the last violet had faded from the mountain, his aching head reclined on its moldering pillow."

I've seen a mother pierced with grief, when from her bleeding breast

Death's angel tore the infant babe she oft had sung to rest;

Anon the tear-drop left the eye, her latent sighs were o'er,

And peace again that bosom fill'd, where sorrow reign'd before.

I've seen the Christian—on his brow the clouds of sadness hung;

His harp was on the willow laid, and silence seal'd his tongue;

Temptations fierce and troubles great disturbed his wonted joy;

But Hope's bright sunshine soon returned and bade the shadows fly.

I've seen the sinner weeping sore, unpardoned and unblest,

While every sigh and every groan his agony express'd;

Then crawling to the blood-stained cross, he raised his eyes to heaven,

And He who once hung bleeding there, pronounce'd his sins forgiven.

But *thine* the anguish, *thine* the pain, no cordial could remove;

Thou wert impregnable to peace, inflexible to love.

The beauteous spring, the summer's bloom, the landscape's light and shade,

The mountain's stream, the sunny brae, with modest flowers array'd—

These had no charms to soothe thy soul—no smiles to court thy stay—

Despair disturb'd thy dreams by night, and dimm'd thy hopes by day!

O had religion's sacred light enter'd thy darken'd mind,

Thy "troubled spirit" then had found the peace which mourners find:

Had Faith been there to claim the rest Christ waiteth to impart,

The dew of grace, the oil of joy, had heal'd thy broken heart!

But thou art gone, and o'er thy grave the wild flowers gayly spring—

The fields still bloom, and thro' the air the birds are caroling!

My life is in the sear and yellow leaf,  
The fruits and flowers of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom burns  
Is lone as some volcanic isle,  
No torch is lighted at its blaze,  
A funeral pile.

BYRON.

## LUCY HUNT'S LETTERS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

NOVEMBER 10TH.

WELL, you see I am at home again, aunt Barbara, and trying very hard to possess my soul in patience. I reached here on Wednesday evening, just as the stars had commenced glorifying the night, and it comforts me to think we should never see their sweet faces, if it were not for the darkness.

The stage ride from the depot to Grafton is about six miles. As there were no passengers this time but myself, you can imagine it must have been a lonely one. The bushes, and oaks, and maples, were stripped of all their foliage, and stretched out their long haggard arms to the cold, wistful sky. I remember a ride I took here in the late May, when the green boughs shook to the rhythm of the sweet south wind, and the earth was glad with sunshine, and the air was full of the stir and fragrance with which the spring comes up from death into life.

And with me, too, darling aunt Barbara, it was May then, and now it was November. The change in the outer world was only typical of that within my heart, and for awhile I forgot every thing but the dampness, and gloom, and desolation within me. I leaned back on my seat, and O, aunt Barbara, did ever a woman weep tears from such an aching heart as mine was!

We reached home at last. I have wiped my eyes, and tried to put on a smile for the sake of the beloved ones there. Papa was unyoking his oxen by the barn, as we rode by, and he caught a glimpse of my face inside. He was at the gate almost as quick as I was, and though he only said, "Well, how d'ye do, Lucy?" the grasp of my hand, and the gaze into my face, spoke more than many caresses.

"Lucy's come! Lucy's come!" cried a glad, eager voice at the window, and the next moment Jessie bounded out of the front door. The dear child! her arms were around my neck, and her quick, warm kiss on my cheek, before I could speak a word.

Then Ben ran out of the kitchen-door, and though he is a boy of fifteen, shy, awkward, and chary of caresses, as boys generally are, his face shone, and I do believe the tears were in his eyes, as he said, "Well, sis, I'm glad to see you." There's something in that boy.

Mamma met me at the door. She looked at me and tried to speak, but her voice died away, and she only said, "My daughter!" and folded me to her heart.

And I felt then life had something worth living for—I, who—God forgive me!—had looked off to death so often as my only friend and consolation.

The table was just spread; and my face must have reflected the brightness and joy of the rest as we gathered around it. O, this home-love is a blessed, a holy thing!

Of course I had to tell them all about my visit to New York; of Broadway, and Greenwood, and Barnum's Museum; and Jessie had to show me her new gray squirrel, and Ben to tell me what a remarkably fine year it was for chestnuts, and what glorious times we were to have next thanksgiving. Ah, me! what a pang that name struck across my heart! for you know next thanksgiving he was to have been with us.

Jessie was in raptures with the canary you sent her, and Ben more than gratified with his books. We all went into the kitchen after tea, and sat down by the bright birch-wood fire, and talked into the night. Mamma took the least part of any one in the conversation, only interrupting Ben and Jessie when they grew too vociferous, with her soft, "There! hush, children; one at a time." But her eyes, those tender, loving eyes, scarcely left my face during the evening; and I had only been in my room a few moments when she opened the door.

"Are you feeling well, Lucy?" she asked; and I knew what the "*well*" meant. We sat down together on the bedside.

"I am feeling quieter and stronger, mamma," I answered, laying my head on her shoulder.

"My poor child! God only knows how I have prayed that you might return to me saying this. I thought, too, your face said it, when I met you at the door. But now the flush of excitement has passed away, I see it has grown very pale and thin."

"Well, you know, mamma, my cheeks never proved a very good soil for roses."

I tried to speak lightly; but I remembered *who* had compared them to the fairest and purest of lilies. She said a great many things to comfort and strengthen me, this loving, gentle mother of mine, for whom every day I thank God; and that night I slept the sweet sleep of the Psalmist.

I have remembered and tried "to live" all you said about occupation, and I find it is the best medicine for heart aches; I am kept pretty busy, head and hands, just now; for Peggy left last month, and you know how difficult it is to procure domestics in the country. Then we have a very affluent rain of neighborly calls to welcome me home again. I am giving Ben Latin and Jessie French and drawing lessons.

Yesterday the trustees called to see if they could prevail upon me to take charge of the district school again, and made me a very advantageous offer; but papa interdicted this at once. I shall endeavor to spare him much expense in Jessie's education, for you know my own was a very heavy draft on his purse, and I am indulging a hope of sending Ben to college some day.

So you see, aunt Barbara, I am trying to "do my work" in the life that God has spared to me, but there are times when my heart and my strength fail me—times when the great tides go over my soul, and there seems no help in heaven or in earth for me. You know what this is—you whose youth passed through this darkness and desolation; and yet, as you said, mine is a grief greater than yours, for in the "hope of a resurrection unto life everlasting," you walked with your beloved to the gate of the valley; and you had the memory of his truth to comfort you through all the after life. But for me there was none of this. If he had died—

Last Monday was a beautiful day, with a voice and physiognomy like its sisterhood of June; somewhat sadder and tenderer, of course, but all the lovelier for this. Ben, Jessie, and I went into the woods after barberries and chestnuts, and in the beauty of the day, and in witnessing their hilarious enjoyment, I was happier than I had been in a long time; and mamma said to me when we returned:

"Why, Lucy, you do look just like your old self."

Before Jessie went to bed that night, she came up to me, and whispered, coaxingly,

"Lucy, I just wish you would do something for me; but I'm afraid to ask, because mamma said I mustn't, before you went away last summer."

"Well, what is it, darling?"

"I want to hear you play 'Sweet Home' before I go up stairs. Now, won't you?"

I have not opened the piano since *that* day. You recollect I told you how fond he was of hearing me sing, and he has stood for hours by my side, at the instrument. There is nothing so strongly associated with him, and because of this I had entirely given up practicing. This had of course deprived our people of a great deal of enjoyment, particularly papa, who is so fond of music; and I remembered he had foregone an addition to his barn in order to send home the piano for my birthday present. Your words, too, on the morning that we parted, came back to me: "My dear child, after we have ceased to live for ourselves, it is our duty to live for others." I rose up and went to the piano.

"What makes you wait so long?" asked Jessie, as she walked up and down the room; an odd habit she has contracted whenever she is pleased or excited.

O, I hope no tears so bitter as mine were then, may ever stain her bright cheeks in the days that are coming!

Mamma and papa were gone out, but Ben came in just as I closed the song.

"Now give us the 'Old Sexton,' please, Lucy," he asked.

"Why, isn't that singular? One of my music-books is gone! Have you seen any thing of it, children?"

"No," they both answered simultaneously, while I searched among the books which were on the piano.

"O, I know where it is," Ben spoke up suddenly; "it's in the spare chamber."

He ran out of the room, and returned bringing the book with him.

"How in the world, Ben, did it get up there?"

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you, sis."

His manner excited my curiosity.

"What do you mean, Ben?"

"Well, I guess there won't be any harm in telling you now, any how. You see, when Mr. Mulford was here, last June, I went up into his room to get him to help me mend my fishing-rod. You know how we broke it down by the Falls?"

"Yes. Go on, Ben."

"Well, it took some time to mend it, and I don't know how it happened, but we got to talking about books, and he said, 'Ben, if you'll tell me what sort of reading you like I'll bring you up a supply when I come to Grafton next fall.' I thanked him, and told him I should have to think some time before I decided, for we had a new circulating library here, and you have made out a list of the books you wanted to draw from this, and had selected quite a number for me."

"How I wish I could see the list! Ben, can't you get it somehow for me?" he asked.

"I told him you had laid it the night before in your music-book, and as he seemed so very anxious about it, I went down stairs and brought it up to him. We found the list; and then he said to me:

"Now, Ben, my boy, if you'll say nothing about this, you shall have all the books herein named, and several others, before the month is out. Can I trust you now?"

"Yes," I said, "you may trust me, Mr. Mulford."

He hummed a tune as he read over the list,

and he put it in his vest pocket. Just then somebody called us, and though I meant to have brought down the book, I forgot all about it to this time; but I don't believe he'll ever send the others now."

"Nor I, either," added Jessie. "But I wish Mr. Mulford would come back here again, he was such a pleasant gentleman; he promised to bring me a new gold pencil this fall."

Ah! little brother and sister, you did not guess what barbed arrows your words were!

And yet, aunt Barbara, I think, on the whole, Ben's story was a kind of comfort to me. It strengthened the hope that is growing into a belief with me, notwithstanding much evidence to the contrary, that Arthur Mulford was an honest man when he said that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. Knowing this, I could be quiet to the end, for the thought of his perfidy was, after all, the great agony under which my heart and my reason gave way. I doubt whether you would—I am certain papa and mamma would not indorse my "faith" in him. I know they think he was interested in me from the hour he met me last fall at Dr. Morton's party. They believe his fancy was pleased, and perhaps his heart was touched, or he would not have taken that long journey last spring just to see me. I think, too, they believe he might have entertained, at one time, serious thoughts of making me his wife; that in my presence for awhile his whole aims, and views, and life were *elevated*, but away from me, old habits, and associations, more than all, old family pride triumphed. How could he, rich, elegant, fastidious, occupying a social position that gave him the *entree* to every circle in the country, condescend to marry the daughter of a plain New England farmer—a man who worked with his hands for his daily bread, and who could hardly give her a thousand dollars for her marriage dower? And thinking those things—so reason papa and mamma—he felt the engagement must be annulled at once, and wrote that brief, cruel letter, whose meaning seared itself into my heart forever.

But, aunt Barbara, I can not judge him like this; I can not but believe that his haughty step-mother was at the bottom of all that mystery. I never shall forget the expression of well-bred contempt with which, in her brief call, she stared round our little parlor, and surveyed me from head to foot; and I *felt* the proud woman was taking a vow in her soul, that her son should never marry the "district school teacher."

I can not describe you what an instinctive repulsion and shudder my soul underwent when

first I looked upon her. I felt there was something antipathetic between that woman's nature and my own, and that she would not hesitate to be my persistent, remorseless enemy.

Well, I shall never comprehend all this till the morning bells of eternity break upon my ear, and in that light whose radiance unseals the death-slumber from all eyes, I read and understand the grand significance of the story of my life.

So, aunt Barbara, I am resolved to go on hopeful to the end. The future looks blank and desolate before me, but I shall not walk it in my own strength; and, blessed be His name, God will give us the victory! So, aunt Barbara, it is well with

Your loving niece,

LUCY HUNT.

DECEMBER 18TH.

I must write this letter intermittently, dear aunt Barbara, for just now I can hardly take time to eat or sleep, I have so many important matters on hand. You see, Christmas is approaching, and it devolves on me to prepare for the advent of Santa Claus. Yesterday I overheard papa saying to mamma:

"See here, Martha, it's time to be stirring about these Christmas presents. What had I better get for Lucy this year?"

"I promised her a striped blue silk dress last Christmas," mamma answered, with a little hesitation; but I do n't know, Benjamin, that you can afford to get her one. It'll cost at least twenty dollars, and you've had a hard year of it."

"Not so hard, wife, but there's something left for Christmas. Lucy shall have the dress."

"No, she sha'n't, either," I rejoined, breaking in suddenly upon them. "She'll take the twenty dollars for something else."

"I've a good will to say you sha'n't have this at all just for evesdropping," laughed papa as he pinched my cheek. "But, for what do you want the money, Lucy?"

"I want to make a Christmas-tree for my school children, and have them all here at a tea-party. You know I intended to give them prizes at the close of the term; but that dreadful fence prevented it all. Now, papa, do let me have my own way."

"To be sure you shall, daughter. But how many presents do you want to make?"

"Forty. And twenty-five dollars expended judiciously on dolls and dogs, on trumpets and tea-sets, will furnish the whole company—and I, O, in the children's happiness I shall be so very happy!" and I clapped my hands.

"There, that's the old Lucy, every bit of her,"

said papa, drawing me into his lap. "We've got our little girl back to us, after all, mother!"

And, indeed, aunt Barbara, my heart does seem to be taking up the old tunes again. Of course, its sweetest music is silent forever, but it has a great many strains left to gladden others. And I know it is well that I have so "little time to be unhappy." Sometimes when the early twilight of this dying year falls pensively around our cottage, my dreams take journey into the fair country of "might have been."

I live over the early days of last summer, and the old heart aches come back, and I think I can not keep on any longer. The waves go over me, and I cry out in my anguish, "O God, it is more than I can bear!" And then some promise of our Father floats in with its silvery sweetness, through all the storm and darkness, and I grow calm and trustful again.

You will rejoice, I know, to learn this, aunt Barbara; and you will not wonder that my heart can not cease to love him—he seemed so great, so good, so noble, even now I can not believe that he was not this.

DECEMBER 21ST.

It is snowing, aunt Barbara, and the day is coming down to its grave, wearing the first shroud which December has worn. Sitting here by my window, I can not see the mountain on the east for the blinding snow-flakes. Thick, and fast, and graceful, with endless curves and gyrations they come down and envelop the earth.

It is very fortunate papa and I went to town yesterday. I assure you it was a day's work selecting the toys, and all the accompanying paraphernalia of Christmas-trees; ribbons and flowers, tapers and sugar-plums, and a most grotesque Santa Claus for the center, with a bundle on his shoulders and a pipe in his mouth.

Ben carried the invitation to school yesterday. It, of course, included the whole school, and was read by the new teacher in my name. The children were quite beside themselves, so I learn, and talked of nothing else at recess, but the Christmas-party. Dear little things! I am determined they shall be happy.

You may know that I love you very much, aunt Barbara, or I should not have resolved to finish this letter in the midst of chopping raisins and beating eggs, of tying evergreens and twisting mottoes, of hanging dolls by their necks and gluing glass-birds to slippery boughs.

As for Jessie, the burden of her happiness seems greater than she can bear. She is in a state of ecstatic enjoyment from morning till

night, and is at once a great aid and a constant source of annoyance and anxiety to me, for she will insist upon handling and investigating every toy, to the imminent peril of limbs, and joints, and wires.

Ben, too, is in his element, bringing me every day a fresh supply of hemlocks, and spruces, and cedars, and has himself nailed the "*Merry Christmas*" over the mantle.

CHRISTMAS MORNING, 2 O'CLOCK.

I can not sleep, aunt Barbara, and my heart must find relief in writing to you, although my fingers are shaking so they can hardly move across my page. And my heart, too, is throbbing quick and loud beneath the great tides of happiness that are rushing over it, and as in sorrow, so in joy, turn to some old Bible text for strength and calm.

The stillness of the night of which the blessed day is soon to be born, lies all about me. I sit in my own room, beside the little round table, where I have sat through many hours of desolation—the lamp-light wavers softly over my paper—there, now I can tell you.

It must have been about eight o'clock this evening, and I had just managed to secure a foothold on one of the lower branches of the Christmas-tree for a white sugar-elephant. I stood still a moment and surveyed my work, which was at last finished, and quite surpassed my expectations. I thought, too, how finely it would look with the tapers all lighted, and pictured the bright faces that, eager with expectation and curiosity, would come bounding into the room on the morrow.

"Well," I murmured, faintly smiling to myself, "I shall have made happiness for a great many others, and found some in this for myself."

"Is that all the happiness you will find, Lucy?" asked a voice. O, aunt Barbara, I should have recognized it if the silence of death had been gathering over me! I did not shriek, or at first even speak, but my heart seemed to stand still, as I turned and confronted Arthur Mulford. Then I tried to speak, but the words never reached my lips—my head grew dizzy. Five minutes afterward we sat together on the sofa. You know I never faint, but a sudden sickness and bewilderment came over me, which did not last long. Arthur led me to the sofa; I buried my face in my hands for a few moments; and when I looked up again I was calm, only so cold.

"You are surprised to see me here to-night, Lucy?"

"Yes."

"And certainly I have no right to enter in this

unceremonious manner, but you had not closed the blinds, and as I came up the walk I saw you standing here quite alone; so I could not resist the temptation to enter unsummoned. Will you forgive me?"

He looked in my eyes all the time he was saying these words. And somehow the conviction was growing in my mind, that he had been true to himself; that he had never intended to wrong me.

"Yes, I forgive you."

"Ah! Lucy," he said, leaning down his head till it almost touched my curls, "I want to hear you say those words for much more than this. We have both been wronged, shamefully, cruelly wronged."

"I knew it, Arthur, I knew it was not you."

My heart rather than my lips broke out in this cry of joy and triumph. And then Arthur Mulford took both of my hands in his own, and looking in my eyes straight as the angel will at God's judgment, he told me *all*. It was as I thought, his proud step-mother was at the bottom of the whole thing. I must write it briefly, for my heart grows sick over the record.

Mrs. Mulford has a niece, a brilliant, witty, beautiful girl, whom she long since settled in her own mind should become the wife of her step-son, for you know she is very fond and proud of Arthur. He acquainted her with our engagement, on that single day she passed at Grafton; and he saw at once that it met with her disapproval, although she endeavored to conceal much of her real feeling on the subject. Not long after their return to the city, she early privately informed her son that she had been informed by Mrs. Morton of certain conduct of his betrothed, which, if known to him, would cancel our engagement. Arthur was perfectly incredulous at first, requesting his mother to furnish incontestable proofs of the truth of these statements, before he would give them a moment's thought. Mrs. Mulford agreed to do this, on condition that he would never reveal a word of it. He very unwisely acceded to this proposition, for at last the lady's manner stimulated his curiosity.

She then informed him that I had formerly been engaged to Mr. Ralph Hoyt—Mrs. Morton's cousin—and broken the engagement, not because of any lack of affection for him, but because I had secured a more eligible offer in Arthur Mulford. So wicked was she, aunt Barbara, and so resolved to accomplish her designs, that she produced a letter, which she affirmed was written by me to Mrs. Morton, in which I declared that Ralph Hoyt still retained my affections, although pecuniary and social considerations had made me decide

in favor of Arthur Mulford. Of course this was enough. The proof of my perfidy lay in the letter before him, which was a *fac simile* of my chirography.

I have told you what an intense abhorrence Arthur seemed always to manifest for hypocrisy or falsehood. He thinks now he acted hastily, but he acted as most men deceived when they had trusted most, and maddened by so foul a wrong, would have done.

He wrote me that letter, which, as you know, threw me into a brain fever, which came very near costing me my life, and which would, I believe, in the end have done this if they had not sent me to you—you, whose words, and life, and gentle influence brought up my life from the "valley of the shadow of death."

Flora Wise, Mrs. Mulford's niece, came soon after this to pass the autumn with her aunt. Arthur does not think she was acquainted with, or concerned in the intrigues of her relatives, neither does he believe she would have lent herself to such duplicity; but though she has many fine traits of character, she is worldly, and, in short, not his ideal of a woman, though he greatly admired her, and he wished this admiration might, in time, have grown into something stronger, had not other discoveries prevented it. About two months ago, the elder Mr. Mulford had a slight paralytic attack. Two nights subsequently his son watched with him; and it appears Mrs. Mulford had inadvertently left a half-finished letter on the table, which she had that day written to her sister. Arthur came here during the night, to find some papers, and under one of these lay the letter. His eyes unconsciously wandered over it, and at last settled upon this passage: "Arthur and Flora are getting on very well. I think our plans will achieve the desired end at last, though there is at present more admiration than tenderness in his manner toward Flora. But the other matter is settled at least, and that is one comfort. The idea of Arthur Mulford throwing himself away on that little, shy, country-girl, who had been brought up to make cheese, and knit her own stockings—in short, who was, I doubt not, fully qualified for a backwoodsman's wife! Well, the venture was a desperate one, but the circumstances excused it."

Mrs. Mulford must have been suddenly summoned away, for the letter closed here; and for two hours after reading this, her son sat at the table, hardly stirring hand or foot. What feelings stormed through his soul in that hour, I leave you to imagine. But he made no sign nor spoke any word.

During the next week he ascertained with considerable difficulty the address of Mrs. Morton—you know she and the Doctor went south in September—and wrote to her. Last night the answer to his letter came. Mrs. Morton denied all knowledge of the affair. She had incidentally mentioned to Arthur's mother Ralph Hoyt's attachment to me, on her return from our house, but remembers adding she had never supposed this was reciprocated. She was greatly startled and distressed at this affair, but fully able to prove she had no share in it. Two hours after receiving this letter Arthur was on his way to Grafton.

"And now, Lucy," he concluded, "you see if I had loved you less, I should never have written that cruel letter, and so for the love's sake will you accept my repentance?"

"I accept it, Arthur."

"And we will resume the old relation, Lucy, my much-wronged, my much-forgiving Lucy, and, God willing, there shall be only peace between us."

"Only peace," I tried to answer, but the words were swept off my lips by a burst of tears, which were very tenderly kissed away.

There, aunt Barbara, the faint, gray dawn is creeping into my window—the dawn of this most glorious, most triumphant day, that is bound up in the circle of God's gift of days.

O, sitting here, I almost seem to catch the ravishing sweetness of that song that burst nearly two thousand years ago over the fair fields of Bethlehem, in that hour when the world, sin-sealed and cursed, was signed and consecrated by its Redeemer.

O, shepherds of Judea! did not all earthly sounds and voices seem always harsh and discordant to your ears, after they had drunken in that sweet, "glad tidings" of the angels!

All is well with the world, aunt Barbara, because of its Redeemer, and all is well, too, for time and for eternity, with

Your loving niece,

LUCY HUST.

### A LIFETIME IN A DAY.

TIME is but a name; it is what is more in time that is the substance: what are twenty-four centuries to the hard rock, more than twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four minutes to the ephemera? Are there not periods in our own existence in which space, computed by its true measure of thoughts, feelings, and events, mocks the penury of man's artificial scale, and comprises a lifetime in a day?

### FOUR CITIES IN FLANDERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOUR DAYS IN JULY."

BRUSSELS.

THE ride on the railway from Ghent to Brussels presents several points of great interest—the lofty and beautiful spire of the cathedral at Mechlin, the vast prisons at the ancient palace of Vilvord, rendered memorable by the martyrdom of Tindel, the first translator of the Bible into English, burned for heresy, in 1536. Schoenberg, the summer palace of King Leopold, has a sloping lawn in front, and a wood on each side. It was built in 1782, by the Archduke Albert, for the sister of Marie Antoinette, and in the course of half a century it has been the residence of four princes of different dynasties. Its woods and pleasure grounds suffered from the license of the French revolutionary soldiers, but it was afterward embellished by Napoleon, who, during the hours of leisure, spent here with Marie Louise, planned his last disastrous campaign to Russia—fearful fruits of leisure hours. A triple row of lime-trees, spared by Marshal Saxe, at the request of the ladies of Brussels, during the bombardment of the town by the French, forms a noble avenue extending to the city.

The Hotel Bellevue, where we secured rooms, is finely situated in the Place Royale, overlooking the park and the old town, the beautiful spire of the Hotel de Ville, and the twin towers of the cathedral. Our first visit was to the church opposite, to witness a commemorative funeral service in memory of the Duke of Orleans, son of Louis Philippe, and brother to the Queen of Belgium, whose untimely death was so deeply lamented by his family. The church was hung in black, the altar surrounded by taper-stands, grimly bearing numerous starry lights above their death's heads and cross-bones. In the center of the church was a catafalco covered with black velvet, on which conspicuous was a large cross of yellow silk, while tall candles in high candlesticks threw a pale light on the funeral pageant. The priests, robed in black velvet, with yellow crosses, walked slowly around the coffin, chanting, and sprinkling it with holy water, while from a fine band came magnificent strains of mournful music. A number of persons of distinction were present, and stood silently during the solemnities. Toward the close we went out of a side-door to the rear of the church, where stood a dark-colored carriage, surmounted by gilt crowns, and drawn by four horses with postillions. I hoped to see King Leopold, but the Queen, dressed in mourning, and accompanied by an old lady, stepped lightly over

the carpet spread on the pavement, and entered the carriage, which drove rapidly away.

After leaving the church our guide led us to the Hotel d'Arenberg, in the square Petit Sablon.

We saw a picture-gallery containing a few good pictures, suites of richly-furnished rooms, splendid China jars, cabinets of buhl, furniture of richly-carved oak, and a riding-school, over which a platform can be thrown to transform it into a grand ball-room. We descended the staircase, around which are ranged busts of the Cæsars, and entered the library, which is a very fine room. The books are in cases, on every door of which is a figure painted on glass, and a bust of Anguish, ascribed to Phidias, ornaments one end of the room. The present building occupies the site of the Culemborg House, razed in 1568, by the order of Alva. Here met the Protestant princes to concert measures for freeing the United Provinces from the odious tyranny of Philip II. Here, too, was drawn up the famous petition to Margaret of Parma; and from here issued the courtly procession of three hundred young and gallant nobles, of long-descended name, who, in brave attire, with mien of firm resolve, walked along the straight and handsome street to the ancient palace of the Dukes of Brabant, the abode of the Duchess of Parma. The agitation of Margaret, as these magnificent nobles of Flanders, after presenting their petition, left her presence, was not dispelled by the whisper of a courtier—"they are a band of beggars." The word whispered in the ear was proclaimed on the house-top—the word of contempt became the watchword of liberty. The banquet at the Culemborg House that night, is one of the most memorable in history. The board, surrounded by the noblesse of Flanders, glittered with dishes and goblets of silver and gold. In the midst of their festivity, the bold, handsome Brederode, with his curling locks, and martial air, donned a beggar's wallet, filled a beggar's wooden bowl with wine, and drained it with the cry, "Vivent les Gueux—long live the beggars! They call us beggars—let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack." From hand to hand the wooden bowl was passed, and in turn each noble slung the leathern wallet across his shoulders. In the midst of this wild revelry, Egmont and Horn appeared, and endeavored to moderate the tumult, while they induced Hoogstraten to withdraw. They remained but a few minutes; but their presence, on this occasion, was alleged as one of the charges against them on their trial for treason. There was soon a strange sight for the burghers

of Brussels—nobles walking in the streets stripped of their ornaments and brave attire, and wearing the doublet and hose of ashen gray—short gray cloaks, coarse felt hats, with beggar's wallets and wooden bowls, shaven beards and long, pendent mustaches. Thenceforth the cry, "Vivent les Gueux" sounded in many a battle-field and ruined town, rising above the roar of ocean and the lurid glare of blazing homes.

In this Culemborg House there was another gathering, not memorable for its reckless revelry and wild enthusiasm, but for the teachings of an earnest, godly man—precious seed sown in the good soil of honest hearts, to spring up and yield a golden harvest. It was on the wedding-day of Alexander of Parma, and Donna Maria of Portugal, when all Brussels was aglow with the nuptial festivities, that the noble and saintly Junius, the friend of Louis of Nassau, preached a sermon to twenty gentlemen, the flower of the Flemish noblesse. Deeply had the truth which found expression in his eloquent words penetrated his own spirit, for on one occasion he calmly continued his sermon in a room overlooking the market-place, while the walls were crimsoned with the glow of the flames kindled around his martyred brethren.

Those who listened to this fearless preacher at the Culemborg House, needed spirit-stirring words, entering as they were upon a long and brave struggle for the truth and right, and preparing to sacrifice fortune and ease, in battling for liberty and their native land.

The *Petit Sablon* was formerly the horse-market; and this spot, too, has its own dark story—of a First of June, when eighteen persons were beheaded—and for many days their gory heads were exposed on stakes, a ghastly spectacle to the multitude.

The old palace, formerly the residence of the Spanish and Austrian governors of the Netherlands, was at that time one of the richest palaces in Europe. There the smiling, perfidious Granvelle and the inflexible Alva matured their schemes of cruelty and oppression, trampling upon the liberties of the prostrate Flemings, and crushing out the very breath of their being. The grand hall, too, was, in 1555, the scene of one of the most imposing pageants in the history of kings—the abdication of Charles V. The spacious apartment was hung with tapestry, and wreaths of blooming flowers, and filled with a deeply-excited audience. On the platform were deputies from the seventeen provinces, knights of the order of the Golden Fleece, grave magistrates, and burghers in civic pomp, while a crowd of brilliant warriors surrounded the royal personages

in the center. The dark doom awaiting some of those most conspicuous in this august assembly was mercifully hid from their eyes. There was the youthful hero, Samoral Egrmont, and there Horn, destined to be his companion in tribulation; Berghen and Montigny, who were to suffer in Spain, from the dark designs of Philip, in the subtle, deceitful Cardinal Granvelle, the reckless Brederode, and the valiant Aremborg. Charles, prematurely old and decrepit, with stiff, gray hair and shaggy beard, bad teeth and hanging lower-jaw, crippled in hands and knees, certainly could not have been imposing in personal appearance. There was nothing to redeem his ugliness, but his broad, commanding forehead and benignant blue eye. Nor was the appearance of Philip more prepossessing. Small, slender, with thin legs, and a shrinking air, a fair skin, light hair, and yellow-pointed beard, large mouth and protruding jaw, one might look in vain for the indications of the noble nature, so much to be desired for the man who was this day to be invested with power over millions of immortal beings. He was a worthy successor to a cold and ambitious father, ready to roll the avalanche of destruction over the fair cities and fertile fields of Flanders. There was one man upon whose arm the Emperor leaned that day, before whose real greatness the pomp of kings grows pale—William of Orange, then a youth of twenty-two, not dreaming of the toilsome, but heroic future before him, unconscious of power, with mighty resolves slumbering within him. Near Philip, from whose tyranny he was to shield the people, whose wily schemes of despotism it was the labor of his life to oppose—he stood in the glory of his youth—tall and handsome, with a small, well-placed head, symmetrical features, brown hair, and pointed beard, large, dark eyes, and a broad, serene forehead, already traced with lines of thought—he stood there in his magnificent apparel, the real hero of the scene, the future father of his country.

But three hundred years have passed, and the actors in that gorgeous pageant have long since slept in the dust, and I turned from the past to the present as we walked through the interesting rooms of this palace, now called *Le Palais des Beaux Arts*. It contains a very admirable museum of natural history, rich in all the departments of zoölogy, ornithology, entomology, and mineralogy, presenting animals from the Dutch East Indian colonies, minerals from Russia, and volcanic specimens from Vesuvius.

In the picture-gallery there are about five hundred pictures of the Flemish school—a number by Rubens, but none of any great merit. The idea conveyed by one of these seemed to me

quite blasphemous. The Savior, armed with a thunderbolt, is ready to strike the world, but is arrested by the pleading attitude of the Virgin, while St. Francis covers the world with his mantle. The painter forgot the long-suffering and tender love of the Man of Sorrows on earth, and his continued and prevailing intercession now that he has passed into the heavens. A third part of the spacious building contains the public library of 150,000 volumes, and 15,000 manuscripts of great value, collected by the Dukes of Burgundy.

From the palace of the fine arts we went to the palace of the nation, at the north end of the park. It is a fine building, ornamented with fluted Doric columns and appropriate sculptures, and contains the two chambers of Parliament, where we were told that the senate was in session, but only five or six of the members were present. One, with whose noble bearing we were impressed, was pointed out to us as one of the leading men. The senate is composed of nobility and men of fortune, who receive no pay for their services, and the position is considered a highly honorable one.

Our guide then led us to a lace manufactory, which employs twelve hundred women. Only eighteen work at the manufactory, where we saw the whole process of making the celebrated Brussels lace. The flower is first pricked on the paper, then formed with bobbins twisted around the pins, then filled up by another hand, then attached by little pins to a paper, on which the pattern of the veil is traced. The lace is laid over this, tacked to it, and the flowers are fastened to the lace by something like a crotchet stitch, and another skillful hand cuts out the lace under the open work. In real lace, the lace itself is made by hand; in the imitations it is woven, and the flowers are sewed on instead of being netted in with the crotchet stitch. We saw one woman making lace out of the exquisitely fine thread spun by hand. This fine thread is worth its weight in gold, costing, as it does, from six to eight hundred dollars a pound. Those who spin it are obliged to work in dark rooms, into which a ray of light is admitted only through a small aperture, and by close attention and severe discipline of the eye, they are enabled to produce filaments rivaling those of the marvelous web which the spider weaves over the surface of the grass, or hangs in airy lightness on the latticed pillar or the clinging vine. The work, however, which is performed with such ease by the spider, severely taxes the powers of those work-women, who frequently lose their eyesight in the prosecution of their labors.

Brussels, unlike the other cities of Belgium, which are situated on broad fertile plains, is built on the heights rising up from the small river, Senne. The old town, with its narrow streets and ancient houses, lies at the foot of the hill, and here we find the quaint architecture that transports us to the middle ages. Here is the elaborate front and the "audacious and exquisitely-embroidered spire" of the Hotel de Ville, on which the old burghers of Brussels lavished their wealth, and which is the most beautiful of those costly monuments of municipal pride in the low countries. The *Grande Place*, in which it stands, is surrounded by lofty old Spanish houses, with high pointed gables, narrow windows, and ample fronts, highly ornamented with carvings and arabesques, and formerly painted in light colors and tipped with gold. Here, richly ornamented with statues and appropriate emblems, were the palaces of the archers, mariners, and other guilds. Opposite the magnificent Hotel de Ville is an old Gothic house, with a quaintly-ornamented front, called the *Broodhuis*, or *Maison du Roi*, and remarkable as having been the prison of the Counts Egmont and Horn, the night preceding their execution.

Most thrilling scenes in the great drama of human life have been enacted in this ancient square, an imposing theater for the melodrama or the deep tragedy. Here gathered the nobles of Brabant for the courtly tournament, the windows and balconies festooned with flowers and tapestry, and radiant with bevy of fair dames, while knights contended gallantly for the prize. At a celebrated tournament, held here in December, 1565, in honor of the nuptials of Alexander of Parma, Count Egmont, the hero of St. Quentin and Graveline, was one of the judges of the jousts. His tall form, finely-chiseled features, soft brown eyes, dark hair, and magnificent dress, made him "the observed of all observers." Could the dread future have been unveiled before him, how would he have shrunk from the aspect of that square, to be made memorable to all time by his own execution—one of the great pictures of history! It rose up before us—the three thousand Spanish troops fully armed—the scaffold covered with black cloth—its two velvet cushions, table, and silver crucifix—the expectant spikes, on which were to be placed the gory, ghastly heads of the two brave and courtly nobles—the stately form of Egmont, attired in a robe of red damask, with a short black mantle embroidered in gold, and a black silk hat with black and white plumes, walking from the *Broodhuis* across the square, with the Bishop at his side, repeating as he

walked, "Have mercy upon me, O God! according to thy loving-kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions," and the other touching petitions of this penitential Psalm—"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." He had humbled himself before God at the midnight hour, when informed that on the morrow he must die, though he cried out in the anguish of his spirit that thoughts of wife and children came in between him and the God he was preparing to meet. Quietly, humbly before the vast multitude he laid aside his robe and mantle and the proud order of the Golden Fleece, and with the invocation, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit," he bowed his head, which was severed from his body with a stroke. Had the cruel Alva no compunctious visitings as he looked upon this ghastly sight from the window of the *Broodhuis*? Did he not remember the hour when this gallant noble first met him near the Louvain gate, with his present of beautiful horses, and when he escorted him into the city with his arm around his neck? The fall of that noble head, before which, as the French ambassador said at the time, France had twice trembled, thrilled the hearts of the eager and agitated crowd, who vowed vengeance as they pressed forward to dip their handkerchiefs in the streaming blood.

Then came the second act of this tragedy. Horn, in his dark doublet and black cloak, without the order of the Golden Fleece, which had not availed to save its wearer from the unjust sentence by which he was now to suffer, drew his Milan cap over his eyes, and repeating in Latin the last words of Stephen, the martyr, bowed his head to the stroke of the executioner. And placed on stakes, those goary heads for two hours looked down upon that sea of human beings that swayed through the market-place.

We entered the Hotel de Ville, after gazing with increasing admiration on the tall Gothic tower, with its exquisite tracery of stone-work, rising to the height of three hundred and sixty-four feet, and commanding a noble view, embracing the field of Waterloo, with its central mound and colossal lion. The tower is crowned by a statue of St. Michael, seventeen feet high, which serves as a weathercock. The elaborate front has forty and the steep roof eighty windows, and a profusion of sculpture and other ornaments gives richness and beauty to this remarkable building. The most interesting room we visited was the States Chamber, which is hung with beautiful tapestries, representing the inauguration of Charles

VI, the abdication of Charles V, and the inauguration of Philip the Good. Between the windows are paintings of the three towns—Brussels, Antwerp, and Louvain.

After leaving this spacious hall, we went into the court, where we drank good cold water, flowing from a dragon's mouth. As we walked on we saw a curious fountain, called *La Cracheur*, a man looking on the ground, with folded arms and distended cheeks, while the perpetual stream flows from his mouth.

The *Place des Martyrs*, which we saw after passing the theater, is a small square surrounded by well-built, handsome houses. In the center is a monument to the memory of three hundred Belgian soldiers, who were killed on this spot in the Revolution of 1830. Their bodies are here interred in vaults, and their names are recorded on slabs of black marble. The monument is a colossal figure of *La Patria*, while at the four corners of the pedestal, which is ornamented with bas-reliefs, are graceful weeping female figures.

The *Rue Montagne de la Cour*, a very precipitous street, rises from the old town, with its dingy reminiscences of a by-gone age, to the new town, with its cheerful aspect—its open squares—its handsome modern houses—its French air and associations. It is like passing from Ghent to Paris.

After dinner we walked to the Park, which has been called a miniature Tuileries. There are about fourteen acres agreeably diversified with hills and valleys, winding walks, and the deep shade of beeches and chestnuts, ornamented with busts and statues, and commanding fine views of the old town. It is a charming resort for the people, who, with their children, were enjoying it quietly and soberly. I thought of the Marquis of Berghen, and the chance ball that hit his leg as he crossed the Park, and delayed, well for him had it prevented his fatal journey to Spain, where he fell a victim to the treachery of Philip II. The fine trees still bore the scars of a recent conflict—when in the Belgic Revolution the Park was the scene of deadly strife. The King's palace and the palace of the Prince of Orange overlook the Park. The presence of the royal family excluded visitors from the former, and the latter was, at the time of our visit, dismantled and closed to visitors. It was built by the Prince of Orange, and finished and furnished in the most costly manner, but the Revolution of 1830 drove the Prince and his family from this magnificent home. For many years visitors wandered through the deserted chambers, and wondered at their treasures of art—exquisite paintings—marbles from

Luxembourg—superb malachite tables from Siberia—and looked at the boudoir of the Princess—her work-box, and the portraits of her children—a striking comment on the instability of worldly grandeur. "Man's heart deviseth his ways, but the Lord directeth his step."

And then, as we sat enjoying the quiet beauty of the Park, came visions of the festivities that had glanced with hollow splendor through the streets and squares of the city—the brilliant welcome the citizens gave to Philip II—the gorgeous procession that rode forth to meet him—the flaunting banners—the triumphal arches—the oxen roasted whole in the streets—the houses hung with tapestry—the elaborate and ingenious devices to do honor to the man who through long cruel years pursued them to the death, visited them with fire and sword, invaded the sanctity of their homes, hushed the voice of holy song, made life a burden and mockery, and yet allowed them not to seek freedom and peace in other lands.

The joyous welcoming to William the Silent was perhaps not so elaborate in its manifestations, but it gushed forth from the warm heart of a grateful people. Nor did it lack splendor—that long procession of burghers, in silk velvet and rich embroidery, on their gayly-caprisoned steeds, which met him several miles from the city—the road with its border of eager human faces—the houses garlanded with flowers and hung with silken hangings—the dense mass, crowding the house-tops, filling the balconies, and so thronging the streets that it was with difficulty the carriage in which the Prince of Orange was conveyed could make its way, while the air was rent with prolonged shouts of greeting to the father of his country.

And long after the *fete* in Philip's honor had been forgotten, and the echoes of the welcoming for William the Silent had died away in the voiceless chambers of the past, a greater than Philip, but one whose greatness fades away before the true patriotism, the princely generosity, the sincere piety of William of Orange, entered Brussels. With a body-guard of citizens in splendid uniform, and ten thousand soldiers in all the pomp of martial array, Napoleon entered the town, which twelve years after was to be the headquarters of the army destined, on the plains of Waterloo, to teach the hitherto successful conqueror a lesson of defeat, disaster, and woe. And thus calmly, amid thronging memories of the past, and the varied beauty of the lovely scene before us, glided away the closing hours of this pleasant day. Our visit to the church of St. Gudule was reserved for the morrow.

The Cathedral of St. Gudule, the largest and finest in Brussels, has a superb front—three re-treating sculptured portals—rows of slender columns with statues between, and two lofty square towers. On entering the church I was lost in admiration of the magnificent stained glass windows, far surpassing in beauty any that I had seen. Each window, instead of being broken up into smaller compartments, represents one subject, containing generally two or three full-sized figures. The principal window has a fine painting of the last judgment, by Francis Flous, the celebrated Flemish painter. Statues of the apostles, ten feet in height, are placed against the twelve pillars of the nave. The pulpit, a masterpiece of Verbruggen, is beautifully carved of the dark oak, and represents the expulsion from Paradise. The figures of Adam and Eve support the pulpit, around the base of which the serpent is entwined, a luxuriant tree forms the canopy, and birds and monkeys are perched upon its branches.

The church dates from a remote antiquity, having been founded in 1310, and within its venerable walls was held the first chapter of the Golden Fleece, by Philip the Good, in 1400; and here, too, Charles V and Philip II called together the princes and nobles of this celebrated order.

One could not but contrast the splendor of this stately assembly with the silence and gloom of the "long-drawn aisles" and fretted vault, where the mutilated remains of the brave Horn, a knight of the Golden Fleece, were placed the evening after his execution. Not so popular as his fellow-sufferer, Egmont, to view whose slaughtered body drew thousands to the convent of St. Clara, this injured man, lonely in life, and forsaken in death, lay in this magnificent sepulchral chamber, where he had once deliberated with the princes and kings of the earth.

And then I thought of the eve of the battle of Waterloo—

"Of that sound of revelry by night;

And Belgium's capital had gathered there

Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,

And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

How could they dance on the eve of that terrible battle? How could they trifle away hours which, to many of those gallant guests, were the last of their earthly existence? Before another midnight they were in eternity. Stricken down in all the flush of youth, in all their dauntless valor, hurried before their Judge, from the wild scene of mortal strife, without a moment for even

the brief prayer of the publican—from the ball-room to the battle-field—from the battle-field to the judgment! what a fearful transition for an immortal spirit for whom Christ died! Methinks it was a scene over which angels must have wept and wondered!

"Last noon behold them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay!  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marching in arms, the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array."

Our ride on the railway led us through a new part of the town—a beautiful street of aristocratic residences, overlooking the old town from their elevated sites. Turning to the left we passed the hospital of St. John, which is admirably regulated, and contains three hundred beds, and the botanic garden, one of the finest in Europe. It is prettily laid out, and the sloping ground terminates in a wooded dingle. A spacious conservatory contains lofty trees, some of which were looking out of their prison of glass. With a lingering glance at the fair, cheerful city, at the superb lime-trees of the *Allée Verte*, we set our faces steadfastly toward Antwerp.

#### THE POVERTY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

THIS happened one day to be the subject of conversation in a company, and almost all who were present had instances of it to relate. On inquiring into its causes, some maintained that it was owing to the foolish love of wealthy parents, who trained their children in youth more to luxury than labor, more to wasting than thrift, and thus made them bad economists. Others supposed the cause to be, that great wealth is seldom amassed by one man, except at the expense of many others, and without the tears of widows, and the sweat of the poor, in short, without injustice; and that for that reason the curse of God cleaves to it, and fritters it away. To these views *Gotthold* did not object, aware, in particular cases, of their truth. He insisted, however, that to the children of the rich poverty is a secret blessing, inasmuch as it takes from them the key which opens all the doors of sin, or, in other words, wealth. Nurtured, he said, as they have been, in superfluity and self-indulgence of all kinds, in total ignorance of the cross, and insensibility to the hardships and miseries of others, they would, if left in this state, care little or nothing for heaven. God, therefore, permits their temporal possessions to melt away, that they may thereby be led to seek those things that are heavenly.

## LOCUST-LEAVES.\*

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

I LISTENED all the day  
 To the faint leaf-songs I heard,  
 Till each light roundelay  
 Seemed to my heart like a word;  
 Each—like a low, sweet word—  
 And out of the words there grew  
 A tale but faintly heard,  
 Yet I knew it in my heart 't was true.  
 'T was true, for the locust-leaves  
 That gayly and airily waltz,  
 From the window up to the eaves,  
 Would tell to me nothing false.  
 "Dost know, dear girl," they said,  
 "That a strange and mystic spell  
 Is woven about the head  
 Of the tree thou lovest well?  
 It was once in the ages gone,  
 When the sun and the stars were blind,  
 And the moon went groping on  
 For the light she could not find—  
 Or ever the world knew day—  
 Or ever an eye could see—  
 That a gem in the dark earth lay:  
 'T was the heart of the locust-tree—  
 'T was the heart of the locust-tree,  
 In silence awaiting there  
 The touch of the sunlight free,  
 And the breath of the morning air.  
 Then a little of Heaven's light  
 Gleamed over the earth's dark way;  
 'T was a sweet farewell to night,  
 'T was the ushering in of day.  
 And lo! the mountains bowed,  
 And the deepening oceans grew;  
 And forth the winged cloud  
 Went bearing its weight of dew.  
 The trees, like stately kings,  
 Uprose in the morning air;  
 And their branches waved like wings—  
 But the locust was not there.  
 Low down in darkness slept  
 The little, lifeless germ—  
 And the ivy o'er it crept,  
 With the serpent and the worm.  
 The sunshine o'er its bed  
 Could never a thrill impart;  
 And the wind went by, and said,  
 "'T is the tree of the buried heart.'  
 It chanced that an angel heard,  
 'Mid melodies light and free,  
 The sound of that pitying word,  
 And flew to the buried tree.  
 She parted the ivy-vine—  
 She loosened the earth around—  
 And the rich and warm sunshine  
 Crept into the clay-cold ground.  
 She smiled—and afar there drew  
 The serpent and crawling worm;  
 She wept—and the holy dew  
 Went down to the slumbering germ.

\*The language of the locust-leaf is, "*My heart is buried.*"

'Come forth,' the angel said,  
 'Lo! all things wait for thee;  
 And out of its lowly bed  
 Came forth the locust-tree—  
 With branches that broadly grow—  
 And leaves so fair and light—  
 And flowers that caught the hue  
 Of the angel's robe of white."  
 But the last faint gleam of day  
 Stole over the western hills;  
 The low breeze died away,  
 And the locust-leaves were still.  
 And I at my window-pane  
 Did wonderingly repeat  
 To my heart again and again  
 Their words so low and sweet.  
 "And there's many a heart," I said,  
 "That needs but the angel's care,  
 To rise from its lowly bed,  
 And wake from its deep despair.  
 And the poisonous things, above  
 The slumbering heart of youth,  
 Would flee at the smile of love,  
 And fade in the light of truth."

## LIFE'S SUNSET.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

ALONE amid the silence and the shadows  
 Knelt a worn pilgrim at the gates of death,  
 With dim eyes lifted in a mute beseeching,  
 And white lips trembling with their failing breath.  
 He knelt and prayed, with pale hands meekly folded,  
 In sign of peace, across his quiet breast,  
 Saying, "Our Father! lo the day is ended,  
 Call thy beloved softly to thy rest.  
 I would forget the stormy years departed,  
 Kneeling alone upon life's solemn shore,  
 And to thy bosom turning, weary-hearted,  
 Would fold me in my childhood faith once more.  
 So thy weak child shall hear adown the silence,  
 Thy tender benediction sweetly flow,  
 And the full voices of the blessed angels  
 Chanting their Sabbath hymn, and slumber so."

## HYMN FOR A DARK HOUR.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

LORD, I cast myself before thee,  
 Faint and helpless, poor and blind,  
 Steeped in sin and crushed by sorrow,  
 Pardon, peace in thee to find.  
 Take from out my heart the anguish  
 Of the evil things of life;  
 Teach me how alone to conquer,  
 How to smile 'mid direst strife.  
 For I love thee, O my Savior,  
 And I blush and grieve to know  
 That for any sin or sorrow  
 I should thus a mourning go.  
 Teach me how aright to praise Thee,  
 On the rack or in the flamp;  
 Then shall sinners know thee faithful—  
 Scorners learn to fear thy name.

## THE KITCHEN.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

WE hope, fair reader, you are not nervous at the sight of this word. We beg to assure you that you could not well live without the kitchen. However accomplished, we venture the suggestion that you would in time be quite unhappy if you should meet with nothing from the kitchen; and we are moreover safe in asserting that you have a very decided choice as to the manner in which things are managed in the kitchen.

You insist that the room shall be clean; that the windows shall be transparent, the paint thoroughly washed, the plain furniture and the corners of the room well dusted, and the floor scoured till it is white as polished marble. It sickens you if you happen to enter a kitchen where every thing you meet is soiled; where the room, cooking utensils, and the person of the cook indicate a want of particularity and decency. You can not avoid the suspicion that every thing is not exactly right with your breakfast. You would agree with my friend James Brown, who, describing the domestic habits of a certain country, said, "If you want to eat in faith you must keep out of the kitchen."

Moreover, you are fond of order in the kitchen. You want every thing in its proper place, where the cook or housekeeper can, if necessary, put her hand upon it in the dark, requiring no extra steps or waste of time to find what is wanted. It looks better, too, when the "kitchen cabinet" is skillfully arranged on the shelves, and every good dame who enters is obliged to say, "How handy every thing is here!"

And you like to have every article come on to the table at the right time, and in good style. It is exceedingly annoying to be detained after the regular hour with a keen appetite pleading for attention. But apart from this there is a beauty in order to which you are, we may assume, really devoted. You exceedingly dislike to have the affairs of the day all thrown into confusion by negligence or a want of skill in the kitchen. When you are expecting certain dishes, and company at dinner, you are mortified—we hope not angry—to find them *spoiled* by the cook. You wish, upon entering the dining-room, to see the table neatly set, with every dish perfect in its kind and exactly in its right place.

One thing more we presume you require. You wish a reasonable economy in the affairs of the household. No degree of wealth justifies extravagance. The duty of limiting our own ex-

penditures does not depend upon the amount of our possessions, but upon the will of God, variously indicated by his holy word and the laws of health; and it is urged by the physical and spiritual wants of a suffering world. Whatever may be your circumstances, you will therefore feel religiously bound to *waste nothing*, either by the richness or variety of your style of cooking, or by throwing away "the fragments" of your ample meals.

Now, all this is rational; nothing can be more so. But let us inquire how such perfection is to be secured.

## SERVANTS.

Two extremes are to be avoided. They are excessive toil and total neglect of domestic labor. Many true-hearted, valuable women are greatly injured by doing without help. Their husbands are in comfortable, thriving circumstances; but they are more than economical—they are avaricious, and virtually compel their wives to become slaves for the sake of saving money! The husband, worth his thousands, requires the partner of his bosom and the mother of children, much of the time feeble in health, to cook, and wash, and sew for a large family! With little time for repose and burdened with care, she drags out a wearisome, miserable life, and, perhaps, sinks prematurely into the grave! The man who exacts or allows this is not a husband—he is an execrable tyrant. But there are mitigating circumstances in many cases with all the appearances against the man. Perhaps the woman herself is more to blame than he. He may be anxious to procure help when his wife will not consent. From motives of mistaken economy, or from the force of habit, she toils on and rejects all relief. The confinement is none the less real nor objectionable because self-inflicted. She ought not thus to overtax or waste her energies. Careful management and a correct appreciation of her own duty and rights, will enable her to avoid it. If it were true that such unreasonable labor is just economy, it would be infinitely better to be worth so much less money than to shorten life or imbitter its fleeting hours while they last. But it is evidently not true. She who wastes her strength and destroys her health by excessive labor, is sure to bring upon her family an amount of expense for sickness and loss of time, which will more than equal the sum saved by doing without help.

The man who loves his wife should promptly terminate this exhausting struggle. The woman who loves her family should immediately correct this grave error. Be industrious; scorn no honest,

useful labor; but do not compel yourself, for the sake of temporary savings, to work beyond your strength—to work when, from sheer fatigue, you feel as if you could hardly stand upon your feet. Do not consent to use every moment of your brief and precious life in mere drudgery, when the cultivation of your mind and heart for the proper discharge of your social duties is a matter of so much importance. Do not deny yourself the time to meet your friends and enjoy their company. Let both husband and wife agree that habits of industry and social comforts shall harmonize, and at any sacrifice arrange domestic affairs accordingly.

If it is possible you must have help, and the management of servants is a problem, perhaps more real trouble arises from a want of skill at this point than from any thing else. Here we have only room to say that the safe course lies between the extremes. Undue familiarity will certainly lead to contempt and general disobedience to orders. It is to be regretted that what would otherwise be desirable kindness and deserved sympathy, is so likely to be responded to by impudence and dishonesty. On the other hand, it is most evident that imperious airs, persecuting cruelty, and everlasting fault-finding will make bad servants of good ones—would, indeed, finally ruin the temper of almost any person, and lead to utter desperation. Real dignity, with reasonable patience and genuine kindness, is the true philosophy.

But you can not rely upon servants for the results you desire. Many of them we grant are worthy and skillful, but generally it is otherwise. The reasons are various. They have been reared in poverty perhaps, amid confusion and selfishness, where neither the means nor instruction required to prepare them for their place could be obtained. They have from childhood been negligent of the laws of cleanliness and order. How could they be reasonably expected to reach or at all appreciate the standard you set for them? But the most serious fact is that they are generally without inducement to make the exertions which a high degree of excellence requires. Their compensation is oppressively small, their treatment generally contemptuous and severe, and they must utterly despair of the blessings of good society! We pity the servants. We would ameliorate their condition, were it possible. Indeed, we have half a mind to write a book entitled, "SERVANTS: THEIR WRONGS, AND RIGHTS, AND REMEDIES," or some such thing. (Do not begin to tease us now for this book, for we have not promised to write it.) We have, however, in this arti-

cle, simply intimated, to show that it is impossible, as a general thing, to secure the neatness, order, and economy so fundamental to domestic happiness, by intrusting the kitchen entirely to servants. What, then, remains?

We answer, be yourself a practical housekeeper; understand every particular of kitchen labor; give it your personal attention, and occasionally, if not regularly, do some parts of it with your own hands. This will remove the most annoying trials of housekeeping, save you from your severest temptations to bad temper and unbecoming language, and convert the most ordinary portions of your daily food into luxuries. It will promote the truest economy and perhaps save your husband from bankruptcy. At least, should any such calamity occur, it will leave the responsibility where it belongs.

#### GOOD EXERCISE.

God has made physical labor a necessity. Without it the tone of the whole system sinks, and disease takes the place of health, feebleness of strength, softness of firmness, dullness of vigor, indolence of activity. These are stern facts. The sad condition of society is abundant and painful evidence of this. The truth is, that the average period of human life is shortened more by indolence than by disease. Free and thorough action gives health to the circulation, color to the countenance, hardness to the muscle, light to the eye, and endurance to the nerves. Reasonable labor is the very best physician; it is more salutary against vice than the penitentiary or the gallows; it allows no time for mischief; it removes the apologies for crime; it educates the self-respect and the self-reliance of man and woman; it stands up with the Bible and the pulpit, to battle with sin, to purify the moral atmosphere, and realize the idea of God in the creation. We beseech you dash away the silly notion that you are not to labor.

"But can we not take exercise?" Yes, and work is exercise. Only just in proportion as your exercise approaches the methods of honest labor, does it conform to the true physiological laws and accomplish its purpose. You have perhaps been taught in the gymnasium that you must exercise every muscle in the body, and the skill of masters has been put to the test to invent methods of muscular action which would most effectually do this; but we venture the assertion that no inventions have yet, in perfection, reached the adaptation of the kitchen.

And permit us to ask, since it is settled that you must work or die, why not, at least a part of

the time, do something of importance to the family—something that will add to your own personal comfort and the enjoyment of those around you?

We do not allow, as you have seen, that, without regard to circumstances, you are to do all the work that is done about the house. You may, it is true, be in circumstances to require it. Multitudes of true women, as pure and noble spirits as the world can boast, are obliged to do all their own house-work. But whatever may be your rank in society, we are sure that you will increase your happiness and lengthen your life by smart, active labor during some portion of every day.

#### DIGNITY AND PLEASURE.

Cooking is a dignified art. Indeed, it involves more or less of science, which every woman ought to understand on its own account. A practical cook is a chemist, and the kitchen the laboratory. The accidental mixtures that are thrown together, as the great general rule, are without any regard to true chemical proportions, and are hence scarcely an approach to the perfection which science would secure. The cook is a physiologist, and ought to understand the laws of health—ought to know enough to avoid the villainous compounds which destroy the tone and coats of the stomach and fearfully shorten the aggregate of human life. The cook is a moral philosopher, or ought to be, having strict regard to the laws of economy, and of honesty and philanthropy, otherwise there is no security against the injuries which proceed from the stimulation of a morbid appetite on the one hand, and an abuse of a healthy appetite on the other.

How, then, we ask, can an employment be undignified which requires so much intelligence—so much sound discretion? What can be more becoming than the usefulness of such exertions? A thorough, skillful, practical housekeeper is a benefactor. She confers happiness upon her servants, imparts sound wisdom to her daughters, and gives salutary lessons to a profligate age. This is a style of dignity which can not fail to receive the commendation of the purest and noblest minds.

We insist, moreover, that there is a world of pleasure, for the young lady, in the kitchen. What interest in knowing how to do some of the most difficult and really indispensable things that are ever done! What intense satisfaction in being able to do what so many know nothing about, and in being allowed to think, if you may not say, as a fine dish comes on to the table and receives the compliments of father, mother, or guest, "I made it!" What do your friends enjoy with a

finer relish than the meats you have dressed, and the nice white biscuits you have made with your own hands? The very enjoyment of the triumph will more than compensate you.

A higher estimate of the kitchen and of every kind of useful labor must be reached in community, or the civilization of our age will be the demoralization of all classes; and we call upon our fair readers to join heartily in the reform, to place themselves practically, as they are in responsibility, at the head of their household affairs. Let them be determined that they will know more than their servants, who toil merely under the force of an imperative necessity, and take a livelier interest than any other person in what constitutes, more constantly and really than any other department of mental and physical industry, the essential comfort of home.

#### TEACHING THE EYE.

THE great majority of mankind do not and can not see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence, "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amid the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle-ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the red Indian boys hold up their hand as a mark to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spreading fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic-worker can detect distinctions of color where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

Is there not a moral in all this? Can not a man's faith grow and be made strong provided daily he put it into practical use? And is it not a fact, to which almost every professor of religion who reads these lines will bear testimony, that by a neglect of the means of grace, such as faith and prayer, the soul may be dwarfed in all its powers? Exercise your faith as often as you do your eyes, and see if your religious character is not thereby greatly developed and improved.

## THE JEALOUS WIFE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

## CHAPTER I.

SOPHY BLAKE was the acknowledged belle of Lonsville. There were handsome girls in the village—girls whose personal loveliness seemed but a transparent veil to the nobler graces of heart and mind; but there was no one who ever dreamed of disputing Sophy's right to supremacy. As a child she had been petted and humored by all; at first from a general feeling of pity, when her two fair sisters and baby brother died, within a fortnight, of that terrible scourge of childhood—scarlet fever. When, a few months after, her father, too, sickened and died, and was buried, by sympathizing friends, beside the three little graves, not yet green, the almost broken-hearted widow and her remaining child were adopted into the hearts and home circles of their happier neighbors, and all their wishes henceforward considered sacred.

The widow clung to her sole treasure with an affection rendered morbid by a sense of her great loss. She was a pious woman, and, therefore, spared no pains to instruct her child in the holy truths of religion, and she sought early to inspire in her heart a belief in the love and goodness of God, as well as a sense of reverence toward him. But with all her excellent instruction, there was one serious defect in the training of the child, for she was educated to be selfish. Every body around her, in their mistaken compassion, helped to develop this trait in her character; and it was not strange that she unconsciously learned to consider herself of primary importance, and to assume a right to be so considered by others.

In all those trivial affairs that make up the course of every-day life, her pleasure was consulted, and her will obeyed. Had she not possessed naturally a fine, amiable disposition, the indulgence with which she was treated would soon have made her an object of dislike; but, in spite of her unfavorable training, she grew up with many noble qualities of mind, and was a decided favorite in youthful society.

Here, too, unfortunately, all deferred to her wishes; and the various excursions, parties, picnics, etc., that make up the sum of happy rural amusements, were planned in accordance with her taste, and often under her sole dictation.

There had never been any querying among her young friends as to whom Sophy would marry. Since the days when Jerry Curtis used to draw her to school on his snow-sledge, and take charge of the little blue hood and red mittens that she

wore, it had been generally understood that the imperious little belle belonged to him, and would become his wife in due time. If the knowledge of this caused any maiden's heart to beat a little faster than its wont, when, in the old-fashioned church, she detected the roguish but tender glances of Jerry's dark, handsome eyes perpetually straying from the pulpit to the widow's pew, she hid the emotion deep from mortal view, and its existence was unsuspected. If the clear violet eyes, dimpling smiles, and fair golden curls that lit up the said pew, ever caused a flutter beneath the waistcoat of any young man, saying that of the aforesaid Jerry, no one was the wiser for it. And when the wedding-day came, and the whole village population crowded the little church to witness the ceremony, there were whispered congratulations and blessings on every side. So it seemed, in spite of the old proverb, that the course of true love could sometimes run smooth.

In the same place, and at the same time, Jerry's only sister Bessie was also married. She had been betrothed for several years to a fine, worthy young man, who, having been during that time the sole stay and support of his infirm father, gave reasonable promise of proving an excellent husband. At any rate, Bessie seemed to have no unpleasant doubts in relation to it, and not a tear dimmed her bright eyes, as, leaning on his strong arm, she turned to receive the congratulations of her friends.

In this bridal there was no sundering of dear old ties. There could hardly be said to be a forming of new ones, so long had the parties been pledged to each other. It seemed rather like securing the hallowed benediction of Heaven upon life-long associations. None of those bitter parting scenes that so often rend the heart of parent and child were to be experienced. Bessie and her husband were to live at the old homestead with her parents; and the only difference there would be in his occupying Jerry's old place by the fireside and at the family table.

On the brow of a green eminence, at a short distance, a new white cottage awaited the presence of Jerry and his bride, and was also to afford a pleasant home to Sophy's mother. It was on his father's land, and in full view from the older house. It could be plainly seen, too, from Jerry's bedroom window, where many a time of late he had sat till late into the night, dreaming such visions and forming such plans for the future as only the heart of youth can conceive.

I don't know as this is the right place to put in a word or two about Jerry's parents, and his

home influences, and the early training of himself and sister; it would very likely have been more regular to have commenced my story with this, but it is too late for repentance. "What is written, is written."

Jerry's father was a farmer in easy circumstances, and he had brought up his son to be a farmer. In his opinion there were no thoroughly independent people in the world except farmers. When his neighbors sent their superfluous sons to hang on the skirts of some genteel profession, and hired Irish workmen to take their places on the farm, he was not converted to their views of life; but, with a fond glance at his stalwart son, he only whispered to himself, "I have lived a free, independent life. He shall be free also. He shall be a farmer."

It happened, luckily, that Jerry's wishes chimed with his. He had a decided liking for agricultural pursuits, and a particular affection for the charming valley in which his father's farm was located. In educating his son Mr. Curtis spared no pains or expense. He selected the best schools, and insisted on his pursuing the severer studies that most effectually discipline the mind. "There will be time enough for miscellaneous reading and the pursuit of less difficult studies hereafter," said the old man to one of his boy's teachers; "they will serve for recreation when he has to depend on himself; but *now* please to put on the screws, and train him to think."

So Jerry became at last a practical scientific farmer, and realized to the full his father's hopes for him. The old man's experience was combined with the young man's scientific knowledge, and the result was a model farm, the admiration of the surrounding region.

Bessie, too, was carefully educated. A thorough home education had been added to the learning she had acquired at school, and Bessie was one of those marvels of the present day, a useful as well as an accomplished young lady. Mrs. Curtis was often severely blamed by the mothers in the neighborhood, who, in the education of their daughters, were careful to omit the vulgar practical duties of daily life. They often remonstrated with her, but without effect.

"It is really too bad, Mrs. Curtis," remarked one of her neighbors, during a morning call. "Bessie is too handsome and lady-like to be degraded to a mere household drudge. With your abundant means; too! I must say, I wonder at you."

"No doubt of it. We have always differed in our opinions on this subject, I believe."

"Is she not made unhappy by it?"

The sound of Bessie's voice caroling a merry strain in the kitchen, and the clatter of an egg-whisk, as she kept time to her music by beating eggs for cake, seemed a sufficient reply to the question; so Mrs. Curtis only smiled.

"But think how charming your daughter is. My Nettie Aurelie says she plays as divinely as she sings."

"Yes. Her skill in music makes our evenings pass delightfully. We are all musical. Jerry plays the flute very well indeed, and lately Mr. Curtis has tuned up his old base-viol, so that we really get up considerable of a concert now and then."

"My girls won't play or sing with others. It spoils the effect, and, of course, does away wholly with style. But about your Bessie. Is it possible that she embroidered those chair covers?"

"Yes, and the piano cover."

"Goodness! why, Laura Nathalie has been a year on the ottoman cover she began at school. But she is so languid and delicate, poor child! Quite ethereal, Dr. Sacharine says."

"I'm sorry to hear that she is ill."

"O, the delicacy is natural. But, speaking of Bessie," continued the lady, still returning to the old theme, "I heard yesterday that those charming little caps that you wear, and the bewitching bonnets that suit her rosy cheeks so well, are all contrived and made by herself. I am sure, Mrs. Curtis, that you do not appreciate her ability as I should, if Nellie possessed it."

"O yes, I am not blind. But don't you see that you are arguing on my side, and proving that all these agreeable acquirements can consist with a knowledge and practice of housekeeping?"

The lady colored, and owned she was fairly caught. "But not convinced," she added.

"I was trained myself on the useless plan," said Mrs. Curtis, "and the amount of real suffering that I endured in my first attempts at housekeeping, made me resolve that, if I ever had a daughter, she should never experience a like embarrassment. I would have given her this domestic culture, even if it had wholly debarred her from the study of books."

The lady fidgeted in her chair, evidently wishing to be excused from listening to Mrs. Curtis's notions of female education.

"Those beautiful paintings!"—she pointed to some rather unartistical daubs which hung in frames above the mantle—"are they Bessie's?"

"Well, I hardly know. They were called hers at school, I believe. The teacher drew the outlines, mixed the colors, very likely put them on, and, out of pure regard for Bessie's credit, put

on the finishing touches, and wrote at the bottom what it was meant to look like."

"O, that is customary. They are very finely done. How natural that creamy stone bench appears, half hid in the green leaves of the arbor!"

"O, indeed! That is a sheep, Bessie's pet cosset, sleeping under the old russet-tree, at the foot of the garden. You will remember that Bessie's teacher spent a few days here in June. Well, they got up this picture then. Never mind the mistake," she added, good-humoredly, as she saw her visitor's discomfiture; "to my eye, it represents a bench quite as much as a sheep, and, unless one has read the labeling at the bottom, they can't be expected to understand it."

Having now fairly introduced Jerry's parents, we will return to Sophy, who is to be our heroine.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the excitement of the double wedding, and in taking possession of his new house, in the old-fashioned, merry "house-warming" that ensued, and the shower of congratulations that fell on every side, Jerry was clearly convinced that he had been born with a golden spoon, or something equally lucky, in his mouth. Was ever mortal man so agreeably situated? He looked at the big, imposing country residence of lawyer Bowen, the richest man in Lonsville, and the shaded oriel windows seemed to have lost the mysterious beauty that had awed his younger vision; and he snapped his fingers contemptuously as the elegant daughters of the 'Squire rode by in their splendid carriage. What was wealth or tinsel adornment in comparison with such happiness as had fallen to his lot?

With Sophy, too, the honeymoon was a season of perpetual sunshine. She was never tired of arranging and rearranging the pretty cottage furniture, or of pointing out to admiring visitors the charming views from every window.

In the evenings, when Jerry was at leisure to take up his flute, a continuous stream of music floated down the green slope, to mingle with night's softer melodies in the valley, as Sophy accompanied the air he played, or her own sweeter voice, on the piano, which had been a bridal gift from her father-in-law.

Her mother grew young again while witnessing her child's happiness. It was something new—though Jerry was happily ignorant of it—for Sophy to pass one day without finding more or less cause for repining; and here were whole weeks succeeding each other, and no complaint made of disappointed plans, or of a want of

attention on the part of her husband or mother. And Jerry had been three months married, and had not yet suspected that he had wooed, and won, and taken to his bosom that most ingenious of tormentors, a jealous wife.

Sophy now began to have short fits of melancholy, which were wholly unaccountable to him. They did not last long, for, after a due expression of anxiety on his part, the clouds dispersed; but they troubled him because he could not understand them. He racked his brain to discover the cause, but without success. Her lightest wish was studied, and, if possible, gratified; but still the shadows occasionally fell across their path.

Sophy herself gave no explanation of her varying moods. She was too high-minded to deceive, and she was ashamed to own that his commonplace expressions of regard for their mutual female friends, or the frank, cousinly kiss bestowed upon his lady cousins, were at the bottom of her fits of depression. Her mother looked on in silence, and sighed over the vanishing sunbeams.

At last Jerry was enlightened. It happened on this wise. A young girl, an intimate friend of Sophy's, had been spending the day with her; and when Jerry came in from his work he found his wife very earnestly persuading her to remain during the evening.

"I should like to stay, Sophy," said her friend; "but it is a lonesome way to go after dark."

"But you are not a coward, Grace?"

"I don't know. I suspect I am not very courageous. I can't bear to go by that old graveyard in the evening."

"O fie! Afraid of ghosts! I would n't be afraid to sleep there alone, so far as the spirits are concerned."

"Very likely. But you will please recollect that my aunt Lucy brought me up on ghost stories; and later education, and the exercise of reason, and even the happier influences of religion, have not always proved sufficient to dissipate the nameless, shrinking dread that comes over me whenever I find myself alone at night near a grave. Don't laugh. It is foolish. I will own that as readily as yourself; but I can't help it, positively can't."

"It is too bad," said Sophy, who could not resolve to give up her plans, even to ghosts. "I have depended so much on this evening. Jerry has got a new flute, and I wanted so much to hear you accompany it, so that I could judge of its tones. Do stay."

"Yes, Grace," said Jerry, coming forward to second his wife's entreaties, "you must stay, if it is only to oblige me. Why, I have hardly seen

you yet. I've hurried my work all the afternoon so as to secure a long evening."

He had known her all her life, and so he began, in his cordial, familiar manner, to untie the strings of her bonnet and to remove her shawl.

"No, no, cousin Jerry."

"Yes, yes, cousin Grace."

"But I am really timid. I'm afraid to go home after dark."

"What a compliment to my politeness! You are not to suppose, Miss Grace, that a married life robs us of our manners. I will see you safely home, and scare off the ghosts."

If Jerry had glanced toward his wife, we are not sure that the unusual light in her eyes and the unwonted crimson of her cheeks might not have served as a warning to him; but he was too open and frank to suspect that she did not thank him for his help, and too desirous to gratify her whim to observe her closely.

The short summer evening passed quickly by, although Sophy quite lost her usual animation when her point was gained, and her friend again seated in the little parlor. The moon rose pleasantly, in time to light Grace homeward; and as she stood in the door, once more equipped for her walk, Sophy thought it was hardly possible for any one to be really timid on such a night. "She only pretends to be afraid," she thought. "It is only to get Jerry to go with her."

The question of politeness to her guest did not once occur to her; neither did she remember her own indignation on being once allowed to return home alone and unprotected from the house of a newly-married friend. Jealousy seldom reflects much upon the claims of good-breeding, and poor Sophy felt very much abused when she saw her husband and friend ready to depart together. Grace noticed her depression, though unsuspecting of its cause.

"It is a glorious evening," she said; "light as day. Come, Sophy, get your hat and go with us."

Sophy glanced quickly toward her husband, who, unluckily, at that moment recollected a slight cold of which she had complained in the morning.

"No, no, Grace," he exclaimed; "the grass is wet with dew, and Sophy has a cold. I shall be back in half an hour, Sophy, unless," he added, laughingly, as he drew his companion's arm within his, "unless Grace asks me to go in."

They went down the walk, chatting and laughing gayly; while poor Sophy, having closed the door, threw herself upon a low lounge, and wept and sobbed as if she had just lost her last earthly

friend. It was all in vain that her mother, drawn from her own room by her hysterical sobs, reasoned with or coaxed her; she was sure that Jerry was too much attached to Grace, and that Grace returned his affection. So, quite worn out with her vain endeavors to restore Sophy's peace, Mrs. Blake returned to her room, just in time to avoid a meeting with Jerry.

At first he was greatly alarmed. He had never seen his wife so violently agitated, and he feared that some dreadful calamity had befallen her. But when, at last, after coaxing and soothing till he was quite discouraged, he ascertained the cause of her distress, his astonishment was unbounded. He was sensible of a painful, involuntary feeling of disgust, mingling with a natural indignation. But he conquered it and spoke to her in his usual tone and manner.

"Why, Sophy," he said, "it was your wish that she should stay. I only thought of pleasing you when I urged her to do so. We were both unjust to her, if you really wished her to go."

"I did want her to stay. At least, I did at first. But I did n't think of your going home with her, or—of your being so delighted with her while she was here."

"You would not wish me to let her go alone Sophy? And she so timid, too!"

"I don't believe she is timid. She made you think so on purpose to get you to go with her. I hope she will never come here again. She has no right to you, and"—

"Stop, stop, Sophy! You will regret those unkind words when you are calmer. Be more just to Grace and to me, and more reasonable with yourself."

"Go on. Say what you like. I can bear it." Sophy became highly indignant as she noticed the implied reprimand contained in his words, and the more so because she felt that she deserved it.

"O, Sophy," he answered, after a moment's pause, "how very ridiculous all this is!"

"Judge for yourself. You would n't have talked so before we were married. You never called me ridiculous then."

"I have n't called you so now."

"It's just the same thing," said Sophy, beginning to cry afresh; "and—and you know you was n't even willing I should walk with you when Grace asked me."

"I not willing! I thought of your cold, and, of course"—

"O, any thing for an excuse. But I am not so easily blinded as you think. I've watched you before when Grace has been here. But I shall

not stand in your way long," added Sophy, suddenly assuming the air of disinterested benevolence so natural to a jealous spirit; "this grief will soon put an end to my life, and my sorrows will not annoy you when hidden in the grave. O dear! O dear!" said Sophy, with a fresh burst of tears, "why did n't I die of scarlet fever like my sisters? But it won't last long; and then, Jerry, you and Grace can have it all your own way."

Sophy had made several pauses during her speech, to give her husband a chance to interrupt her; but he made no effort to do so, and, now that she had fairly stopped, he remained silent. He sat by the table, leaning his head upon his hand. He disdained to reply to accusations so undeserved; but this was not the thought that spread such deep shades of sadness over his usually joyous countenance. It was the sudden shattering of the image of beauty and goodness to which he had rendered an almost idolatrous worship. Where were those gentle, womanly attributes, those refined and almost divine graces of heart and mind, to which his own manly nature had rendered homage? His wife sat before him unaltered in person, but only serving to recall the ideal loveliness of the phantom he had worshipped. It was natural that his first emotions should be bitter; but his was no sentimental, shallow nature, and so he did not content himself with deploring his situation, but resolved, on the spot, to make the best of it.

A half hour had passed by in silence; Jerry gradually arriving at his noble resolution, and Sophy, with a puzzled, anxious look, studying the varying changes of his countenance. She began to be conscious of her injustice, and ashamed of having given expression to her feelings. She would have given all she possessed, if, by so doing, the shameful words she had said to him might be blotted forever from his memory. She waited impatiently for him to address her, so that, without compromising her dignity, she might be coaxed back to reconciliation and happiness. At last, after what seemed an age, he turned toward her.

"It is getting very late, Sophy. I must be off to town very early in the morning; so, if you are ready, we will have our evening devotions now, and retire at once."

The tears fell fast from Sophy's eyes, as she listened while he earnestly asked for the blessing of God to rest upon them, and that in all the affairs of life, however trivial in appearance, they might be guided by the Holy Spirit.

"How foolish and cruel I have been!" she thought; "but I will never be jealous again."

## BRIGGS AND THE BLUES.

BY J. D. BELL.

I KNOW a riddle, which, to some people, is not a riddle. If you tell me the difference between existing and living, you will solve it. If you prove that there is Anglo-Saxon energy in your body and brains, then it will be no riddle to you. Moreover, you may then believe, if you will, that it is not for you, and such as you, that I am writing this article. I am writing it, not for some people, but for other people. I am writing it for my friend Briggs, and such as he.

Now Briggs—who, I may say, is a farmer—sometimes tells me, when I meet him, that he is not well—that he has *the blues*. "The blues, indeed!" said I to him one day; and then I began to ponder that disease, in order to ascertain, if possible, the cause of it. I considered the symptoms which invariably attend it—the dull, downcast eye, the cold, fruitless-looking lips, the indigo-colored countenance, the lugubrious tone of the voice, the slow and slouching gait. But as to what special part or parts of the human system this same disease, called *the blues*, takes its rise in, and affects most intensely, I was, at first, unable clearly to see. So I studied it more thoroughly. Turning my attention, with no little care, to the internal organs of the body, I asked myself why it is that the blood is made to run so much slower than usual when a person is under its influence. May be, said I, the heart suffers most. Perhaps, said I again, the liver is the seat of the trouble. Possibly, said I, once more, the chief part affected is the stomach. That the bodily system is somehow out of tune I could not doubt, in view of the symptoms presented. I did not, however, see evidence enough to bring me to the conclusion, that the disease originates in the body, and that, when a person is afflicted with it, there is some vital part below his head in a state of derangement—that there is something, like blue vitriol, for example, agonizing the spleen, or some other organ thereabouts. I concluded, rather, that the blues is a disease which has its origin in the head. The secret of it is to be looked for in the brain. And you, my reader, will readily see that this was entirely a just inference. For have not you also been accustomed to notice, that your friend who complains most frequently of the blues is a person whose brain is not healthily active? Have not you observed that his daily habits are not what they should be—that his reason does not operate right—that his imagination works morbidly—that his passions are not under good control—that his will betrays marked

indications of weakness? I will not believe that you fancy, for associates, persons who complain often of the blues; for you know that such persons are of a peculiarly fickle disposition. They change with the weather. If the weather happens to be such as nobody can like, you will find them behaving in a manner such as nobody can like. One day they will meet you with their faces almost dazzling with the radiance of cheerfulness; but on another, if you hail them, in the street or elsewhere, with your very heart in your hand, all you may be so fortunate as to get from them will be a joyless, heart-repelling expression of the countenance, and a morosely-mouthed apology for a "How do you do."

No, I can not see how the blues, viewed as a disease, can be explained on any other supposition than that it takes its rise in the region of thought. Ever is it indicative of a badly-managed mind. He or she who has the blues on this day—this cold, bleak, dismal day—is one who has never truly learned how to live. For there is an art of life. It is acquired by education. And it is worth a fortune—this art of life is—to any man or woman. Yet it can be acquired in the most simple manner. He who would possess it has only to school the faculties of his mind to a philosophic behavior. Once let a man's "inner world" become beautiful to him, and he will be safe in happiness amid all the changes which may take place around him. Nevermore will he have to grow dark because the skies do, or to talk and act, when the weather is bad, as if he thought the unpleasant rain, or snow, or wind to be just such a thing as God ought to be ashamed to send upon the earth.

I am accustomed to say these same things to my friend Briggs. And then, sometimes, I am wont to assume a more direct style of talk, and to say to him:

I have got you now, Briggs—you, and all other sufferers from the blues; I have got you where I can laugh at you, and shame you. You can not deny what I have said—you know you can not. Your mind is the disordered part, from which there is carried disorder all through you. It is within your mind that you are to look for the cause of your gloomy sickness, your *blue* misery. You will be an invalid just as long as you have that mal-operative "thinking-machine" within you. Half of your time you only exist; you do not live. You, now and then, behave as if you had reason to be piqued at nature; whereas, if nature were to demand a complete settlement with you, on all her thousand old grudges, you would soon be battered out of your illy-occupied

place in this good broad world. How have you treated the shining sun, and the noble trees, and the flowers of summer-time, and the grass, and the beautiful hearts of more than a myriad other pulsating things? I know; and I say that you have treated them shamefully. And how do these things all look to you, when you pass them, as if they would spite you somehow if they could! You can not tell whether the simple lily, whose array of delicate charms is such as nothing even of the glory of Solomon was equal to—the fair lily at your feet—you can not tell whether or not it is trying to shame you. Here is the songful bird, which hushes itself very quickly, and takes wing, when you go near to it; and you can not be sure that it would be willing to do so, had not you, for so many years, regarded it as only a little winged nothing. It really seems to me as if every bird must hold a grudge against you, and such as you. Some men can catch fishes by just throwing their hooks in; but I should be surprised if you, who never admired a fish, except, perhaps, as food, had ever been, or could ever be, able to correspond very sympathetically with the tribe by means of a fishing-line. Some men can go among bees in the daylight, and steal all their delicious honey, without being stung; but I do not believe you can do it. You can not tell how many beautiful things in nature are just now trying to snarl at you. How know you that the very dog which looks so cleverly into your eyes now and then, is not inwardly ashamed of you, because you have lived, and are still living, so far beneath your high privilege as a man—because you will not be an honor to your profession, but will be nothing more than a digging, plodding machine, never aspiring to the experience of that higher life which men's brains were given to them for? Think what it is for a man to be a mere machine, holding the plow, sowing, planting, reaping, gathering, selling, eating, drinking—all this, as if he had been born to do no more, nothing higher. This man has never asked to know why his fructiferous lands should yield any thing besides what is good for food or for the market. It has never occurred to him to inquire why his growing wheat, as it advances toward the golden maturity of harvest-time, or why the fruit of his orchard-tree, as it hangs in the sun which is bringing it to ripeness, should have such a thing as beauty about it. Every field of that farm of his might be, and ought to be, an open volume, studied by him, each year, with a keen curiosity and a delighted mind. But he is only a laborer; and to him the whole concern is only so much good land to labor on.

Throughout the long mild days there comes no felicitous inspirations to his brain, as he plies his hands on those fertile acres, which in the spring lie dressed in green grain, and grass, and clover, and in the summer are deluged with odorous exuberance, and in the autumn gleam perhaps with golden-tipped stalks of stubble. The thick beautiful grass through which he swings his scythe, in the melodious mowing-season, what is it to him but so much good fodder for his live stock? His best days of happiness are those on which he makes lucky bargains with produce-dealers—those on which he receives so much ready money in exchange for so many bushels of clean grain, or for so many cabbages. And very likely he is one of that class of servile money-seekers, so many of whom can be found between any starting-point and the end of six miles of road, who scorn to see any beauty in a toadstool, because it falls to pieces before they can clutch it and turn it into hard cash. And are you sure, my friend Briggs, that you are not such a farmer as this? Ah! my dear sir, could you but imagine how painful to me is the thought of that self-neglect, by which so much within you, which might have made you high-minded and rapturously cheerful, has been doomed to lie unawakened and undeveloped—could you but imagine this, then I should be certain, at least, that you would heed a few words of kindly counsel from me. For, if possible, I want you, from this day, to more than exist—I want you to live. I would wish to see you capable of being happy on these cold, bleak days, and on these days of drizzling rain, and on these cloud-darkened days, such as French hypochondriacs are said to cut their throats on. Well, then, do you, in the first place, go straight to work at your disordered brain. Purify it, exercise it, discipline it, instruct it, make it to be inquiring and thoughtful, get it on good terms with itself, bring it to be interested in the work of its own cultivation, inspire it with a love of the “interior beauty.” The world will then look new to you; and different will seem to you all fair things—all that is only beautiful—all voices, and languages, and laws. Every thing will seem to change to correspond with the great awakening which your mind will undergo. The insignificant will become full of meaning; the weak will appear strong; the worthless will display a wealth; dull things will become charming; dead things will become living. Every moment of time you will regard as precious, since you will see it to be worth a thought and a thrill. And so you will soon become a busy and joyous thinker every-where. You will be a thinker in

the streets; a thinker on the hills; a thinker in the valleys; a thinker in the solitude of the forest; a thinker along the streams and the rivers, amid the rocks, and on the ocean-shore; a thinker among the frivolous and fashionable, and among the serene and earnest; a thinker in prosperity; a thinker in adversity; a thinker at festivals; a thinker at funerals; a thinker amid graves. You will scarcely be able to keep yourself from thinking. You will love it better than food, better than sleep, better than gold and silver, better than the laurels of fame. Thinking will seem to you the grand business of life. It will be your recreation in weariness, your cure in sickness, your relief in despondency, your beguilement in grief. It will, in short, be the joy of your existence. And so you will go on thinking forever. Neither the physical, the intellectual, nor the moral world will present any significant reality, or occurrence, or question which you will be willing to pass by, without first learning the design, or reason, or answer of it. All curious things will have to pass the ordeal of your inquisitive and analyzing brain. The tree will have to yield up its secrets of growth and reproduction; the flower will have to tell you some beautiful story of its hitherto hidden life; the little noisome insect, which you now fret at, and destroy, as too worthless to deserve the privilege of living, will have to unfold to you a history of interesting movements and transactions. A small thing is the bird—too small to be much noticed by you now, as it wings its way through the air, and hides itself under the foliage, singing here and silent there, alone in one place and in company in another. And you are, perhaps, ready to ask, what canst thou reveal of interest to a thoughtful mind, little, gay, slender, fickle bird? Say, art thou not an insignificant thing here in this wide, magnificent world? Not so will you ask then. Even the bird will be a curiosity to you, provoking most earnest questioning. It will be curious for its life; for what life is like a bird's? It will be curious for its beauty; for what beauty is like a bird's? It will be curious for its knowledge of geography; for no learned geographer can travel, with a map, as unerringly as a bird can without one. It will be curious for its song; for no human voice can imitate the song of a bird. It will be curious because it migrates from clime to clime. It will be curious because its whole structure is such as to adapt it for flying. Its feathers will be curious; its feet will be curious; its bones will be curious; its respiratory apparatus will be curious. Most surely you will regard the little bird as a wonderful curiosity. But then it will not

be physical things alone that you will love to think of. You will enter the world of mind, also, as an enchanted observer, analyzer, discoverer. The superstitious whims imposed upon you in your early years will have to suffer a hard and pitiless going over. Away, one by one, they will all be doomed to be rudely scattered. You will doubt, where now you stupidly believe; and you will wonder at this amazing credulity. Facts will no longer be admitted by you without evidence; theories will no longer be espoused prior to discussion. You will be a reasoner even against science itself. No man shall any longer do your thinking for you. You will have learned how pleasant it is for one to think for himself. All the old opinions you adopted from others you will put to the test of a severe analysis. Not even in honor of your dearest relative or your best friend, will you hold to any one which you find untenable.

One thing let me not omit to mention. You will, then, never again be troubled with *the blues*. You will be happy for evermore; and instead of that dreary feeling which now so often leads you to complain of earthly things, there will flourish, in your soul, a spirit ever buoyant and glad—a spirit prompting you to take upon your own lips those sweet words, warbled from the heart of some loved and loving poet:

"This world is not so bad a world,  
As some folks fain would make it;  
Or whether good or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it."

#### THE MANUFACTURE OF WORDS.

**M**EN do not ride on horseback, as aforetime—they take equestrian exercise. Women are not married like their grandmothers—they are led to the hymeneal altar. Hair-washing has passed away—it is capillary fluid. Can any one tell us what is the meaning of "diagnosis," as applicable to disease? If it has a signification at all, we will guarantee to find half a dozen Saxon monosyllables expressive of the same idea. Medical gentlemen, too, talk of phlebotomy; we know that it has some connection with blood-letting, and, for our own part, we always associate the term with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive, O! in an Irish hotel. Who would believe that "epistaxis" means simply bleeding at the nose? What is meant by that fashionable word "aesthetics"? What, again, are we to understand by the words "objective" and "subjective," which every goose with his sham metaphysics has nowadays on his lips?

#### A QUOTABLE POET.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

**I** THINK it is fair to say, that notwithstanding the literary eminence of Shakspeare, Milton, Young, and Pollok, not one man or woman in five hundred, among the intelligent classes, has read all of the dramas of Shakspeare, or *Paradise Lost*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, and the *Course of Time*, steadily through.

The gems, however, of all these poems, are known familiarly to a majority of newspaper and magazine readers, because it has been the fashion to make standard quotations, whenever a modern author was perplexed with a paucity of ideas or a want of felicitous words.

The quotable poet, whether ancient or modern, is the poet most known. Some critics estimate the quality of a verse-writer rather by the number of lines they can take from him, to elucidate or give beauty to their own or other people's ideas, than by the force and felicity with which he elucidates or represents his own topic.

Taken at this standard, there is a poet of distinguished merit who is but narrowly known in America. His theme is incomprehensible—his philosophy is unfathomable—his piety is questionable—his reverence weak—his consistency rare, but his quotability is remarkable.

In my reading I had made familiar acquaintance with pleasant lines, significant metaphors, and striking phrases, which appeared to me to possess a common origin, but which I could not trace to any of the poets of whose peculiarities I had particular knowledge.

A friend, whom I consulted, referred me to a book, of which I had often heard, without learning whether it was an epic, dramatic, pastoral, lyric, or heroic poem. Since that time I have read it very frequently, and have studied several learned criticisms upon it, and I can not tell now to what class poetic, as a whole, it belongs. But I can tell that, in parts, it contains gems which must always be precious to every mind appreciative of harmonious phraseology or of felicitous imagery.

The book is not widely known, because, transcendental often, incomprehensible often, frequently extravagant, and sometimes ridiculous, many who undertake to read it, are bitterly prejudiced before any of its beauties arrest their attention, or charm their poetic sensibility. Yet, in my humble opinion, a little volume might be culled from it, which would not be out of place along side the well-known duodecimo entitled "*The Beauties of Shakspeare*."

Mrs. S. C. Hall said of it, "There is matter enough in it to float a hundred volumes of the usual prosy poetry;" Ebenezer Elliott said "it contained poetry enough to set up fifty poets;" and Bulwer called it "a magnificent production;" but I'll venture that since it left the proof-reader's desk, not one hundred persons have read it by course.

I would not recommend any one to undertake the task, but I can assure every one who may pick it up for an hour's or an evening's reading—here and there taking a line—on one page reading a verse, again studying a page or two—that he or she will be amply repaid.

I ask a little space to illustrate what I have claimed for Phillip James Bailey's *FESTUS*.

In the Proem to a second edition, defending himself from a charge of irreverence, he wrote :

"Poetry is itself a thing of God—  
He made his prophets poets, and the more  
We feel of poesie do we become  
Like God in love and power—under-makers.

The high and holy works amid lesser lays  
Stand up like churches among village cots."

Among the first passages which claimed the exercise of my pencil were the following :

"We know in daytime there are stars about us,  
Just as at night, and name them what and where  
By sight of science; so by faith we know,  
Although we may not see them till our night,  
That spirits are about us, and believe  
That, to a spirit's eye, all heaven may be  
As full of angels as a beam of light  
Of motes.

There are points from which we can command our life;  
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;  
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,  
Jut out, dark, on the offing of the mind.

O! the brave and good who serve  
A worthy cause can only one way fail;  
By perishing therein. Is it to fail?  
No: every great or good man's death is a step  
Firm set toward their end—the end of being;  
Which is the good of all and love of God.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths;  
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not.  
They are too late to serve us: and sad things  
Are aye too true. We never see the stars  
Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.

Corruption springs from light; 't is the same power  
Creates, preserves, destroys, the matter which  
It works on, being one ever-changing form—  
The living, and the dying, and the dead."

In contrast to that passage consider this one :

"How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart!  
To know it is lighting up the rosy blood,

And with all joyous feelings, prism-hued,  
Making the dark breast shine like a spar grot.  
We walk among the sunbeams as with angels."

Frequently through the poem are such passages as these :

"It is much less what we do,  
Than what we think, which fits us for the future.

All aspiration is a toil;  
But inspiration cometh from above,  
And is no labor.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He lives most  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

Respect is what we owe; love what we give,  
And men would mostly rather give than pay."

I could quote many passages in which, as an English writer said, "metaphysical and psychological speculations are, so to speak, actualized and verified by the correctness and passion of the author;" and I might quote other passages in which the sun, the moon, the stars, the ocean, the forest, are addressed with peculiarly expressive imagery; but, believing that many who read this article will seek the poem, I will shut up the book, after having copied from it a few lines on the mission, purpose, and style of the true poet :

"The world is full of glorious likenesses.  
The poet's power is to sort these out,  
And to make music with the common strings  
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb  
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw  
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water  
Welling its way thro' flowers.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod  
Which trembles toward the inner founts of feeling;  
Bringing to light and use else hid from all,  
The many sweet, clear sources which we have  
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms,  
And mocks the variations of all mind  
As does the needle an air-investing storm's.

Experience and imagination are  
Mother and sire of song—the harp and hand.  
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts, his art  
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.  
And even when their looks are earthly, still  
If opened, like geodes, they may be found  
Full of sparkling, sparry loveliness.  
They should be wrought, not cast; like tempered steel,  
Burned and cooled, burned again, and cooled again.  
A thought is like a ray of light—complex  
In nature—simple only in effect.  
Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more;  
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show  
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.  
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped

And roughly looked over. The dress of words,  
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,  
Should let the play of limb be seen thro' it  
And the round rising form. A mist of words,  
Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge  
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less  
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,  
Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses.  
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves  
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.

Great bards toil much and most, but most at first  
Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul  
For hours upon a thought to carry it.

Some never rise above a pretty fault,  
And of whose best things it is kindly said,  
The thought is fair; but to be perfect wants  
A little hightening, like a pretty face  
With a low forehead.

Some steal a thought  
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him  
Whose 't was to swear to it.

What of style?

There is no style is good, but nature's style.  
And the great ancient's writings beside ours  
Look like illuminated manuscripts  
Before plain press print; all had different minds,  
And followed only their own bents; for this  
Nor copied that, nor that the other; each  
Is finished in his writing; each is best  
For his own mind and that it was upon;  
And all have lived, are living, and shall live;  
But these have died, are dying, and shall die;  
Yea, copyists shall die, spark out and out.  
Minds which combine and make alone can tell  
The bearings and the workings of all things  
In and upon each other.

And he who means to be a great bard, must  
Measure himself against pure mind and fling  
His soul into a stream of thought, as will  
A swimmer hurl himself into the water.

Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear  
Glean after what it can. The voice of great  
Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all  
Word music; and great thoughts, like great deeds, need  
No trumpet. Never be in haste writing.  
Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,  
Not art's—a fountain's, not a pump's. But once  
Begun, work thou all things into thy work;  
And set thyself about it, as the sea  
About earth, lashing at it day and night;  
And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it  
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay."

The poem from which these excerpts are taken was first published in England in 1839, I believe. In 1844 an edition was published in America, but it was very little known till 1850, when Ticknor, Reed & Fields brought it out in tasteful style.

In the dedication, which is to his father, who was editor of the Nottingham Mercury, Mr. Bailey says:

"Nor do thou forego  
Marking when I the boyish feat began,  
Which numbers now near three years from its plan,  
Not twenty summers had imbrowned my brow."

This dedication was dated 1838. The author inscribed himself "barrister at law," but then he practiced oftener at the court of the muses than before licensed judges, and he has since given more attention to the editing of newspapers than to either poetry or law.

He has written a few poems for periodicals, but has published only one book since "Festus"—"The Angel World"—and that falls far below the standard erected for him by the flattering expectations which his first luxurious production created.

If he was twenty-two years of age in 1838, when "Festus" was completed—as the date of the dedication indicates—he is now forty-one. He has been described as a thin, nervous man—quiet but stern—respected actively by those who know him personally, without much credit for the gift of poeise among those who see him, as his newspaper exhibits the characteristics of his mind.

## GREAT MEN.

MOUNTAINS never shake hands. Their roots may touch: they may keep together some way up: but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So is it with great men. As mountains mostly run in chains and clusters, crossing the plain at wider or narrower intervals, in like manner are there epochs in history when great men appear in clusters also. At first too they grow up together, seeming to be animated by the same spirit, to have the same desires and antipathies, the same purposes and ends. But after a while the genius of each begins to know itself, and to follow its own bent; they separate and diverge more and more: and those who, when young, were working in concert, stand alone in their old age. But if mountains do not shake hands, neither do they kick each other. Their human counterparts unfortunately are more pugnacious. Although they break out of the throng, and strive to soar in solitary eminence, they can not bear that their neighbors should do the same, but complain that they impede the view and often try to overthrow them, especially if they are higher.

## FULL OF BEAUTY.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

MURMUR not that earth is sad,  
 Ever, ever;  
 That the beautiful, the glad,  
 Cometh never.  
 Look within, and thou wilt find  
 That 'tis sin which clouds thy mind,  
 With its dark repining.  
 Lift thy head, and let the light  
 Round thee streaming,  
 Pour upon thy darkened sight  
 Heaven's beaming.  
 Tear the curtains from thy soul!  
 See! the clouds which o'er thee roll  
 Have a "silvery lining."  
 Thine may be a thankless toil,  
 Hard and pressing;  
 Winning scarce a single spoil  
 Worth possessing.  
 Dost thy soul in secret pine?  
 Is the heart which once was thine  
 Cold and treach'rous growing?  
 Gather up the rays of bliss  
 Thou art craving—  
 Much remains of quiet peace  
 Worth thy saving.  
 Hopeful, prayerful, onward move,  
 Through the darkness—look above;  
 There the light is glowing.  
 Hopes that once thy young heart flushed  
 May be lying  
 With their silken petals crushed,  
 Slowly dying;  
 Earthly love, with folded hands,  
 Where the cold white marble stands  
 May be meekly sleeping;  
 Yet the sweetest flowers that bloom  
 There are springing,  
 And above that tranquil tomb  
 Birds are singing:  
 Though thou art of much bereft,  
 Much that's good and true is left,  
 Worth thy earnest seeking.  
 Not an hour hast thou to waste  
 Vainly sighing;  
 Onward—how the moments haste,  
 Ever flying!  
 Much there is of toil and strife  
 Blended with the outer life;  
 Much of earnest duty.  
 But within a calmer stream  
 May be flowing,  
 And a purer, holier beam  
 Ever glowing.  
 Much there is that's warm and bright,  
 If the heart be only right—  
 Much that's full of beauty.

—••—  
 YOUTH no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears,  
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
 Importing health and graveness.

## SONG OF THE PRAIRIE WIND.

BY MRS. H. E. BENJAMIN.

THE wild wind swept o'er the prairie lea,  
 With a sweep so merrily, madly free,  
 While he bore on his swift wing a song for me,  
 In melody thrilling and clear;  
 And my heart leaped forth at the musical strain,  
 With a flush and a spur for brow and brain,  
 Translating the notes of the wind's refrain  
 Into language, that all might hear.  
 "A messenger force and fleet am I,  
 When my broad wing is spread in the wild, wild sky,  
 And ye hear my invisible form pass by,  
 With the gathering storm in my path—  
 Confusion before and destruction behind—  
 A dread and a terror to all mankind—  
 I hear them exclaim, 'O, the raging wind  
 A terrible ministry hath!'  
 I joy to sport with the rolling fire,  
 As it onward sweeps in the flush of its ire,  
 Still fanned by a pinion that never can tire,  
 Till it spans the horizon with flame—  
 All blazing, and roaring, and crackling along;  
 Defying the might of the bold and the strong,  
 Regardless alike of the right and the wrong,  
 With a spirit no mortal can tame.  
 I visit with soothing, refreshing power,  
 The sun-weary traveler at noontide hour,  
 Who finds not the shelter of rock, tree, or bower,  
 In all the wide plain he surveys;  
 But woe betide him who, with thinly-elad form,  
 Would brave my fierce wrath in a wild winter storm,  
 Or would seek, in the darkness, his steps to conform  
 To the path he has lost in the maze.  
 He may strive as he will the lost course to regain;  
 He may buffet me ever with might and with main;  
 I drift o'er his vision the snows of the plain,  
 To make his bewilderment sure;  
 I whiten his beard, and I whiz through his hair;  
 I sport with his garments, I toss them in air,  
 And roar like a lion aroused from his lair,  
 In the struggle my prey to secure.  
 But not ever in wrath is my voice thus heard:  
 When nature's breast by a breath is stirred,  
 As low and sweet as the lightest word  
 From a mother's deep-felt prayer,  
 How oft with a charm, unfelt by the rude,  
 Have I waked for the gentle and thoughtful mood,  
 Such raptures of music as e'en might have wooed  
 Some soul from the gloom of despair!"  
 Thus warbled the wind-spirit passing my door;  
 Yet in parting he granted me one strain more—  
 'Twas a ravishing lay of the eastern shore,  
 Of the river, the glen, and the grove,  
 And the hill-side home I had left for the wild,  
 Where fond spirits yearn over a wandering child.  
 O, I bless the free wind, be he raging or mild,  
 For that beautiful mission of love!

—••—  
 How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!  
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
 Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

A HOMILY FOR THE NEW YEAR; OR, THE TRANSIENT AND THE PERMANENT IN HUMAN HISTORY.—“*A law shall proceed from me, and I will make my judgment to rest for a light of the people. My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people; the isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust.*”—Isa. li, 4-6.

Time works mighty changes in human life. Regarding each man's world as nothing more than the particular class of objects that bear upon his consciousness, much of his real world goes off every year. Coadjutors in business, companions in pleasure, purposes of daily life—these, and such objects which engage our conscious being, are dropping from our hands with the flux of every hour. Verily, “we die daily.” Ever as the stream of minutes flows, some fragment of our world falls into its sweeping current, and is borne beyond our reach. Man's world is an island. The ocean of time heaves its billows around. Some fresh encroachments are made every hour; the waters wear away the stones, and the highest cliffs come crumbling down. Narrower, and still narrower it becomes, and soon the last vestige sinks, and he and his are lost in the great eternity.

Is every thing pertaining to life thus transitory? Amid the ceaseless whirl of mutation, is there nothing unchangeable? Is life made up entirely of volatile contingencies? Has it no absolute elements? O, for a rock in this ebbing sea, where we might stand secure as the wreck of years floats by!

The Scripture given above responds to our questions, and meets our aspirations. The word “law” designates God's revelation; “judgment” and “righteousness” are interchangeable terms, expressing the one idea—*rectitude*. The great truths, therefore, infolded in this rich oriental garb, are, that *rectitude* and *salvation* are the elements of God's revelation; and that these elements are the ABSOLUTE in human history. They are for *man* in all lands, and in all ages. We stay not to illustrate the former; all here feel that these underlie every thing in this book. They constitute the essence of Scripture. The forms of Biblical representation are manifold as the branches of an eastern tree; but, like that tree, the primal principles of its life are few and simple. *Rectitude* and *salvation* give existence, fragrance, and beauty, to every leaf; or—without figure—give coherence, meaning, appropriateness, and force, to the whole revelation.

1. *They are for all lands*—world-wide in their aspect—“a light of the people.” Whatever zone man treads; to whatever form of government he is subject; whatever stage of civilization he has reached; whatever class of local circumstances marks his history; these two elements are the pressing wants of his nature. He is, confessedly, a corrupt intelligence; and, in the nature of things, a

knowledge of his state is essential to his improvement. Will he ever seek a remedy, or ask for a refuge till he has felt the disease or desecrated the peril? Whence comes this discovery? Alas! there is no native light; right and wrong have passed into the region of speculative debate, or shadowy superstition, where they have not sunk into sensuous indifference. The instinctive notion of right, once the pillar to guide our nature on to promised lands, has lost its radiating brightness. All is cloud, and no fire, in that pillar now—cloud as dark as that which threw its fearful shadow on the Red Sea, when the terrified Egyptians went down. Nothing less than a special revelation of *rectitude* can meet the case. “By the law is the knowledge of sin.” When the outward commandment comes, flashes on the eye of conscience, lights up the world within, and shows man to himself as he is, verily, before God; when he sees himself in this new light—his mind a chamber of imagery, full of painted idols; his affections rolling turbid as the dark waves of the Dead Sea; his powers as lifeless in relation to God, as the bleached bones in the old prophet's dream—then, and not till then, he starts in soul earnestness the question, *Who shall deliver me?* This is the first determined struggle of the soul to be free—the first hearty effort to rise to the spiritual and the godlike. Now comes the other element—*salvation*. It is garbed in heavenly loveliness; it speaks in tones more sweet and touching than the fabled music of the spheres. In its benignant hand are all the blessings that *rectitude* shows necessary. It solves all the anxious solitudes of the awakened spirit. It has “a balm for every wound, a cordial for every fear.” At its presence the prison-doors of the soul fly open, and the chains fall from its benumbed and lacerated limbs. It stills the storms of the distressed voyager. The clouds break into azure, and the winds breathe peace; the boisterous billows are leveled to a plain, and far over the blue and glassy deep the bright sun uncovers to the enraptured eye “a land of hills and valleys, which drinketh water of the rains of heaven; a land which the Lord God careth for: the eyes of the Lord God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of it.”

These, then, are the blessings for the “isles”—for all lands. They are to the universal soul what light, and air, and water, are to the world—the necessary elements of life. In every language, barbaric and civilized, vulgar and classic, we hear the soul's cry, deep and loud, for RECTITUDE and SALVATION. In this the opening hour of a new epoch of time, as the first gray beams of another year fall with a saddening suggestiveness upon us, shall we not resolve, my friends, to give ourselves with a new earnestness to the work of diffusing these elements of life? Let us speak them, not in the technicalities of the-

ology, not in the formalities of ecclesiastical etiquette, not in a spirit colored or narrowed by any sect, but in the language of our own living and thinking natures—in the language of a heart world-wide in its love, and a life upright, generous, holy, full of manhood, and full of Christ. May we endeavor to give the world "the law that came by Moses, and the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ!"

2. *That these blessings are for all times, as well as for all lands.* "The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished." These words suggest three solemn considerations, constantly demanding our attention, but especially claiming our devoutest thoughts at the present season:

First. That man is related to two distinct systems of things, the one involving the "heavens and the earth," the other "righteousness and salvation"—the one material, the other spiritual. This twofold relation is a peculiarity of our history. The other tenants of the globe are related to the material as we are. The genial influences of the heavens, and the beneficent productions of the earth, are alike necessary to them and ourselves, but with the spiritual they appear to have no connection. The ideas of law and grace, righteousness and salvation, which take hold of us sometimes with a force stronger than appetite, and mightier even than gravitation, are powerless—are negations to them. The broad page of nature on which they look, with eyes as piercing as ours, are to them what the *Nocturn Organum* is to the infant that can not read. The great volume is a blank to them: it gives them no idea of system—no notion of duty—no impression of a God. On the other hand, is it not conceivable, and even probable, that there are existences related exclusively to the spiritual, and that have no connection whatever with the material—sheer spirits, to whom the massive globes and stupendous systems of matter are what spiritual and moral ideas are to the brute—*nothing*? But man is associated with both; in him there is a "connection exquisite of distant worlds." Both systems are essentially harmonious in their claims, and disobedience to either is equally a sin against our constitution and our God. This connection is at once our glory and our ruin. It is the high distinction which the Creator has conferred on our nature to relate us to the two great departments of his universe; thus qualifying us to feel an interest in all the works of his hand, and to participate in all the streams of pleasure that proceed from his throne. But it is our ruin that we have not practically adjusted their respective claims; we have transposed their order, and rendered supreme attention to the inferior. Things "good for food" and "pleasant to the eyes" are our masters. We are swayed by the seen, not by the unseen—by the senses, not by the soul.

Secondly. That one of the systems to which man is related is transient, the other is permanent. There are two senses in which we may regard the dissolution of the material system as here described—*absolutely and relatively*. We are not ignorant of the difficulties connected with the belief that the present order of material existence will be entirely destroyed. We feel these difficulties. But the Scriptures certainly seem to present strong reasons in the belief, and there is no possibility in the way of its accomplishment. It may therefore be so. The heavens may pass away like smoke. How radiant

in glory, how overpowering in sublimity, is this firmament! Amid all our storms, it looks down with an unbroken serenity upon our path. How unchangeable! Time, whose ruthless power blights our landscapes, withers our forests, levels our mountains, and sweeps into the dust successive generations of sentient life, seems not to have dimmed the luster of these heavens. In those periods, far back in the awful past, when the old Chaldean invoked their aid to this astrologic craft; when the superstitious Persian bowed to them his knee; when the shepherd of Bethlehem tuned to them the music of his lyre; when Pythagoras gave to them the philosophic study of his mighty mind; could they have shone with greater radiance than now? Yet they may literally vanish away, like the columns of smoke you have seen ascending—for a minute clouding the sky, and shadowing the fields, but soon lost in the blue expanse.

But whether the absolute dissolution take place or not, it is certain that the *relative* dissolution occurs in the case of every man. If a man is driven from his estate into perpetual exile, and deprived forever of its produce, though the mansion in which he lived continues as splendid, and the fields once his own, bloom with as much beauty and yield as much fruit—still to him it has vanished away; it is *relatively* destroyed. To the eye of the poor emigrant who leaves forever his native land, the shore, the cliffs, the varied sceneries, seem to be moving off from him, as the bark that bears him rolls on her watery path. But they stand still: it is he that moves. So with us; though the world may remain stationary we are leaving it. Every year, as we voyage onward, one dear object after another fades from our view. Our old world becomes more dim and small as we advance toward the destinies of the future. It is the human body, with its five senses, that makes these heavens and this earth to us what they are. As it decays they decay. Destroy it, and the material system vanishes away, leaving nothing but the spiritual impressions it has made, and the spiritual ideas it has given. How all that is material consciously vanishes from man in the article of death! All without evaporates as "smoke;" all within rises into awful reality. Talk to him of the world as the eye closes on the material; speak to him of its business, its wealth, its pleasures, or its honors, and the word SMOKE would express his dying thought.

But while the material is thus transient, the spiritual is permanent. "Thy salvation shall be forever, and thy righteousness shall not be abolished." Here is "a kingdom which can not be moved." Never will the principles of redeeming love and absolute right be either destroyed or modified. They are now what they have ever been, and what they ever will be, in eternity the same as in time. Death abrogates the physical laws that are binding on man, but not the moral. "Forever, O Lord, is thy word settled in heaven." Amid the sweep of ages, the wreck of thrones, the anarchy of nations, the speculations of philosophy, the controversies of ecclesiasties, and the advances of intelligence, it remains the same. The opinions that men attach to God's revelation are as varied and as shifting as the phenomena of nature; but its first principles—rectitude and salvation—are as settled and immutable as nature's laws.

Thirdly. That the permanent system should command man's chief concern. This is solemnly enforced in the passage, and follows as a practical inference from the two former considerations. One system is suited to promote

our highest happiness for all times, the other is only a temporary auxiliary to enjoyment; the one is food that perisheth, the other yieldeth everlasting life. Which shall have supreme attention? Let reason, conscience, and the Bible respond. Would I depreciate material nature by this contrast? No! Meager and miserably inadequate as my views are of its wise adaptations, benevolent provisions, and developments of force—of its “realms of beauty” and aspects of grandeur—they are, nevertheless, too great for my language to unfold. Who has climbed the mountain's hight, walked the ocean's shore, stood with upright, thoughtful head under the starry dome, without feeling himself charged with “unutterable” things—things which the boldest hyperboles of poetry could not speak? Nor would I intimate, by the contrast, that the material economy is opposed to the interests of the soul. The reverse is the fact. It is the organ of truth—the vehicle of inspiring influence—the medium of intercourse with the quickening mind of God.

Even the idea that the material duties of the world are unfavorable to the spiritual interests of mankind, though popular in religious communities, to me appears false and pernicious. That between the real interests of time and those of eternity—the claims of the body and those of the soul—there is a necessary opposition, is an ascetic notion I feel bound to repudiate, as reflecting darkly upon the Creator, spreading a somber gloom over all the walks of business, weakening the incentives to spiritual culture, and importing from the market into every circle apologies for religious indifference. Christ prayed for us not to be taken out of the world. Spiritually, we want the world: we want its physical toils as the necessary condition of moral training, its secular business as one of the *chief means of grace*. A corrupt business is the abuse, not the use, of the world.

But with all these admissions as to the importance of the material, is it not far too mean to be made your home, or chief good? Does not the soul transcend all? Where in matter can it slake its burning thirsts, supply its ever-craving appetites, engage its exhaustless sympathies, or develop its immeasurable powers? Where is the element to pacify its compunctive conscience? the principle to harmonize its warring passions? the oracle to respond to its deep and ever-deepening questions? the object to insure its unshaken confidence and supreme love? Withal, where is the *lasting* for its immortality?

Hear the sum of this address, my friend: Beware of PRACTICAL MATERIALISM. There is a theoretic materialism among us. There are men as well as books who deny the existence of spirit, and regard all life as mere organized matter. You are, perhaps, afraid of that; you argue furiously against it, and brand its advocates with stigmas. I share your repugnance to it, but I participate not in your fears. An unsound theory can be shivered by argument, and a theory which clashes with the instinctive beliefs of humanity is too impotent to awaken rational alarm; but the *materialism* before which I confess my spirit cowers is that of professing Christians—the materialism that holds spirit in its creed—that seeks for spirit in its prayers—that appropriates to itself the devotest language of the spiritual book, but which gives to matter its chief sympathy, time, labor, and thought. It is this which holds in theory that the sources of true greatness and happiness are within the soul itself, but whose practical aim is to extract both from matter. It is this which, with solemn face, will

say that “one soul is of no more value than the whole world,” and will grudge one day in any attempt to rescue a lost one; but readily devotes long years, and compasses sea and land, in order to get gain. This is the huge sin, not merely of our country, but of our Churches. It is swallowing up all that is spiritual in human thought and feeling: it is vailing the great eternity from men. Great God, what will be the issue!

Now, in the solemn “twilight of a new year's morn,” I not only protest against this gigantic evil, but affectionately warn you against it—entreat you to shun it as the Satan of the age. Use the world, and do not abuse it. Let your intellect throw its phenomena into science, and your heart turn its blessings into devotion; let the great principles of *righteousness* and *salvation* mingle with all, and mold all, and then you will gain both the world and the soul. Then, whatever be your future, if trials should come and press you down, you shall raise your head firmly and serenely again. Providence, as a shepherd, shall lead you on the winding way of life, and green pastures and refreshing streams you shall meet till you reach the everlasting heights of being. Solemn moments are coming, my brethren. The hour steals on when the hand of destiny shall strip us of all that is material, and we stand sheer spirits under the eye of God. Eternity will soon part its awful folds; a new light will burst on us; and, O, under that light we shall see the pleasures, gains, ambitions, titles, and honors of this world, fall as dim meteors from our horizon.

“How much is to be done! My hopes and fears  
Start up alarmed, and, o'er life's narrow verge,  
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss—  
A dread eternity—how surely mine!”

THE NAIL IN THE TREE; OR, HEAVINESS IN THE HEART.—Invisible things are often made palpable by things seen. Here is an instance from Gotthold: “A worthy man had fastened a lath to a tree in his garden, with an iron nail. The consequence was that the tree gradually withered, and this was a subject of great grief to him; but he was quite at a loss to conjecture the cause of it. Conversing with him on the subject, *Gotthold* recollected having both read, and ascertained by experience, that an iron nail driven into a green tree usually causes it to wither, and explained this to the man. Being also aware that he was frequently afflicted with melancholy, he added: See here the emblem of one in whose heart grief and despondency are fixed like a nail. He too, like this tree, must soon languish and fade, for *heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop*—Proverbs xii, 25—and the son of Sirach declares that sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein. The melancholy are like the patients who attempt to cure their malady by a variety and repetition of medicines, which, however, often only exhausts their strength and accelerates death. A better way is, by less medicine and more temperance, to assist nature to struggle successfully with the complaint; and it is better to brood little and pray much, than to attempt to cure misfortune by melancholy, and so substitute one evil for another.”

THE TWO WINGS.—The old writers, under quaint forms, often gave expression to robust truths: “What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O, if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy justice to the face of thy mercy: let us find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.”

## Notes and Queries.

**BAD GRAMMAR.**—I am afraid our literati are getting culpably careless in the use of language. Their grammar certainly is often at fault. And it does seem to me that the evil is sadly on the increase. I am constantly meeting with it in places where such a thing should be last and least expected. Instances of false syntax are not unfrequently found in books and periodicals to which, by common consent, is awarded a high literary character. What a pity they should be marred and disfigured in this way! I can, perhaps, better accomplish my object by adding a few examples than in any other way.

A spirited writer in the New York Evangelist, of a late date, referring to the divines of a former generation, says, "A large part of the sermons of these old Boanergers were made up of quotations from the word of God." Here the word "part" is, beyond all question, the nominative to the verb, though the writer evidently seems to have supposed that the word "sermons" was such nominative. This last word is in the objective case, and governed by the preposition. Hence, the verb, in the quoted sentence, should be *was*, so as to agree with its nominative, *part*. Errors of this kind are of frequent occurrence, for which it is easy to account. A mind not habitually observant of such things, is easily misled by the plural sound of the objective coming in between the nominative and the verb. Some of your own correspondents might do well to bear this in mind.

Another frequent error—especially in writers of less distinction and accuracy—is found in a recent number of the Christian Advocate and Journal, New York; namely, "Neither napping nor dreaming are very great crimes." *Nor* is a "disjunctive," and makes, each of the substantives which it connects *separately* nominative to the verb; and hence the latter should be in the singular number. The grammatical construction is, *Napping is no very great crime, nor is dreaming*.

The author of the beautiful and instructive article, entitled "Domestic Scenery," published in your October number, commits the same error more than once. On page 606 she says, "Neither Edward nor Henry were slow in seeking out *their* former friends." The whole sentence needs reconstructing. On the same page the author falls into the grammatical error first named above. She makes "Capron" say, "I can hardly believe, dear Emma, that I am sitting at your cousin Ned's desk and writing to you in the very room where the last of those immortal papers upon family government *were* composed." The author probably meant to say that the last paper of the series *was* composed at that desk. It is possible, to be sure, that *all* the papers were written there. But if that is what the writer intended to affirm—which does not strike me as very probable—then a very different form of expression should have been employed.

"Mrs. Hewlett's Match," which you copy from the London Magazine, though in the main a remarkably well-written article, contains a much worse sentence than either of the preceding. The writer says, "The journey back from Borstall was as dull as bad roads, ill-humor, and a tired pony could make it. Mr. Blunt, however, seemed neither to lose patience or temper," etc.

(*Vide* number for present month, page 680.) Here there are two material errors. First, the collocation is wrong, as the word *neither*, to express the writer's evident meaning, should *follow*, and not *precede* the word "lose." Thus: Mr. Blunt seemed to lose neither his patience nor his temper. It would be very proper to say, he neither lost his temper, nor scolded his wife, nor broke his neck, or the like; and, from the position "*neither*" is made to take in the sentence, we are naturally led to look for some such statement! And then the disjunctive "*or*" is not the correlative of "*neither*." The true, authorized English is, either this *or* that, neither this *nor* that. I must go either to Cincinnati *or* to Columbus—I must go neither to Baltimore *nor* to New York.

And now, Mr. Editor, that my hand is in, I will mention one or two more rather prevalent grammatical inaccuracies. "We intended to have noticed in our columns this week the very exceptional course taken by certain cotemporaries." When was this intention formed? Why, of course, some time previously to this week, or the time of publication. "To have noticed," then, can not be the proper tense. Indeed, it seems to involve a most palpable contradiction. Why not say, "We intended to notice in our columns this week?"

"Had I have known that you were coming"—"Had this have been the case," and the like, are forms of expression not unfrequently met with, even in books and periodicals of high literary reputation. *Had have* is, however, a tense that has no place in the grammar of our language, as it certainly has none in philosophical accuracy. It is a perfect outlaw, and should be at once consigned to oblivion.

There! Mr. Editor, have I not perpetrated a fine piece of criticism?—and all for the public good! Generous—generous, you will say; and will not all your readers join in the flattering acclaim? Very likely I shall hear!

ZETA.

November 4, 1857.

**THE NIGHTINGALE'S DAY SONG.**—As the editor is practically ignorant upon this subject, and as naturalists are divided in opinion, we think the maxim—*audi alteram partem*—just. A correspondent says:

"C. E. H. thinks that the poet Moore writes strangely of hearing the nightingale sing 'all the day long,' and states that the name—nightingale—as well as the teachings of ornithology, are opposed to the poet; and concludes he must have heard the blackbird, and thought it was the nightingale.

"We wish to say, we were brought up in the land of nightingales, and have listened to their songs 'all the day long.' Doubtless the name—nightingale—refers to the fact that they sing in the night. And when the song of every other bird is hushed, amid the darkness and stillness of the night, the nightingale's song seems to sound the sweetest. But, though it is a night bird, it is a day bird, too. And the time when a child would naturally listen to its song would be in the night.

"To an Englishman who has roamed amid rose bowers, beside sweet streamlets, and listened to 'Philomel's song'

in the days of his childhood, how full of beauty and naturalness the criticised verse appears!

'There is a bower of roses by Bendeemer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;  
In time of my childhood it was like a sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.'

"If any ornithologist teaches that the nightingale sings only in the night, he did not gather his knowledge from nature. JAMES GUTSELL."

"THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO" ONCE MORE.—Some time since one of our correspondents started a query concerning that beautiful waif which had been for some years floating upon the sea of literature, now in one form, and anon in another. The query elicited several responses, and the awakened curiosity extended to other journals. The following editorial from the Chicago Weekly Journal will possess, with our readers, an interest beyond the mere determination of the question of authorship. We repeat also the poem, as it is given by Mr. B. F. Taylor, the editor:

"The life of a little song would be a pleasant thing to write, and would make one of the sweetest biographies in the world. A little song, we mean, that has gone abroad out of one's own heart, like a full-fledged bird from June. Could one only know that some thought of his would thus take wing, and live when he is dead, the hope that he had not lived in vain would warm his ebbing heart to beat again, and win an Indian summer for the soul. So would he share the life of flowers; be in his song renewed with each returning spring, for roses do not die; they only round the winter with a little sleep, and wake again. How often is it that a trifle uttered between the daylight and the dark of graver toil, is counted by other minds a thing of price, and coveted by thieves, who throw away the setting, and so disguise the crime! If any word of ours is destined to survive the hand that wrote it, it will be because some thief or other *steals* it into a mutilated fame. Nay, we do not know why a song new-shod at some Parnassian smithy, may not canter a rhythm up the radiant steep.

"Three years or more ago, some lines of ours led off a regiment of rhymes, that carrier-boys spread all abroad one New-Year's morning, to catch a little rain of silver, if they could. Those lines, unworthy, at first, of the merest mention, have been stolen over and over, till—O, happy we!—the latest thief has stolen them into such consequence, that we make bold to claim the waif and call the wanderers home:

'O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
And the summers, like buds between;  
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go.  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical *is* up the river Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the June with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the LONG AGO,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—

There are heaps of dust—but we *loved* them so!—  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore  
By the Mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remember'd for aye, be the blessed Isle,  
All the day of our life till night—  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!"

LOOSE VS. LOSE.—Mere errors in the use of words or the structure of sentences we rarely ever correct in subsequent numbers. Our readers can generally make the correction for themselves. The writer of the following gives us rather more credit than we deserve; for, in spite of the care of our proof-reader, errors will sometimes slip through his fingers:

"I wish for once to be a little critical. Is the word *loose*, on the six hundred and fortieth page of the last Repository, in the sixth line from the bottom of the right-hand column, a typographical error, or is it not? The word *lose* is certainly intended. But I have so often seen the word *lose* spelled *loose*, that I wished to have this matter explained. The two words are certainly very different in their signification. I remember to have heard an excellent brother, some years ago, preach a funeral sermon from these words, 'The Lord *looseth* the prisoners,' Psalm cxlvi, 7; and he read it and used it thus, 'The Lord *loseth* the prisoners.' A strange perversion, you would say, of the meaning of the Divine writer. This is the first instance I have ever seen in the Repository of the misapplication or of the wrong spelling of a word. T. J. SAMPLE."

INSCRIPTION FOR CHATTERTON'S MONUMENT.—In 1838 it was proposed to erect a monument to Chatterton in Bristol, England. The following beautiful lines were composed for an inscription by Rev. J. Eagles:

"A poor and friendless boy was he—to whom  
Is raised this monument, without a tomb.  
There seek his dust, there o'er his genius sigh,  
Where furnished outcasts unrecorded lie.  
*Here* let his name, for *here* his genius rose, I  
To might of ancient days, in peace repose!

The wondrous boy! to more than want consigned,  
To cold neglect—worst famine of the mind;  
All uncongenial the bright world within  
To that without of darkness and of sin.  
He lived a mystery—died! *Here*, reader, pause:  
Let God be judge, and Mercy plead the cause!"

SILK.—Raw silk is said to have first been made by a people of China called Seres, 150 B. C. It was at first brought from India in 274, and a pound of it at that time was worth a pound of gold. The manufacture of raw silk was introduced into Europe from India by some monks in 550. Silk dresses were first worn in 1455. The eggs of the silkworms were first brought into Europe in 527.

NOTARIES.—Notaries public were first appointed by the fathers of the Christian Church, to collect the acts or memoirs of martyrs in the first century.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**A TALL PILE OF ENGRAVINGS.**—Our plate printer has just handed us the following item, which he thinks worthy of record: The pictures of the Repository for one month—68,000—if placed in a pile, would reach a height of 55 feet, 10 inches. For one year—making 850,000 pictures—the January number having three plates, the pile would be 697 feet, 11 inches high. A tall pile that. The Repository for one month, ready for delivery, if laid one upon another, would make a pile 523 feet high; for twelve months, 6,276 feet.

**METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN OREGON.**—Connected with the Oregon conference there are one college, located at Salem, and five academical institutions. The property invested in these institutions amounts to \$33,709. In addition to this, the conference has a Book Depository—being a branch of the General Book Concern—and also an ably-conducted weekly paper, the Pacific Christian Advocate. These data certainly indicate that Methodism is doing a good work for the educational interests of the rapidly-increasing population of the Pacific coast.

**METHODISM IN OREGON.**—In the Oregon conference there are fifty-nine appointments, fifty-one of which are supplied by members of the conference. The membership, including probationers, is 2,486. There are 23 churches, valued at \$38,900; 6 parsonages, valued at \$8,500. There are 306 Sunday schools, 1,531 scholars, and 8,715 volumes in the Sunday school libraries. These facts should cause a thrill of joy in the hearts of all who hope and labor for the coming triumph of our Lord Jesus Christ in the earth.

**UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.**—The Land Company of Jefferson City, in Missouri, have donated eight acres of ground and \$50,000 in the stock of the Company for the establishment of a Methodist university. Our brother editor of the Central says: "The property and subscription secured is this day worth, at a fair valuation, \$100,000." Rev. Dr. Berry has been chosen President, and will immediately enter upon the great and important enterprise. At the moment of this writing the application for a charter is before the Missouri Legislature. Brother Brooks says: "A failure to obtain a charter will by no means prevent us going forward with the work we have taken in hand. We ask a charter for the purpose of building up and sustaining an institution which will be an honor to Missouri and her capital, and a blessing to the world; if it is refused, and we are proscribed and persecuted because we esteem slavery a 'great evil,' and desire its removal from the state, be it so; we shall rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer, and build the University notwithstanding."

Since the above was in type, we see that the application has been rejected.

**A KAFFIR MINISTER.**—The Cape Town Telegraph says that the Rev. Tyo Soga, the educated Christian Kaffir, who had been attracting much attention in Cape Town and Uitenhage, together with the Rev. Mr. Johnstone and their wives, have left for the frontier. Mr. Soga preached in the Dutch Reformed Church, at Uitenhage,

on Sunday, to one of the largest congregations ever seen in that church. His discourse was characterized by great depth of thought and eloquence of language. They are going to Sandilli's territory, Mr. Soga, who is a regularly-ordained and thoroughly-educated Presbyterian minister, being a native of Sandilli's tribe.

**THE FIRST ARABIC NEWSPAPER.**—A weekly newspaper is about to be established in Beirut. It will be the first ever issued in Syria, and will be in the Arabic language, being supported and conducted entirely by natives.

**THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.**—The Dublin University Magazine, commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sorrow or sin. A cotemporary, in summing up the statement, says: "Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were bad in different degrees of evil; three were exiled; the prisoners and the broken-hearted made up the remainder. Twenty who were buried at St. Denis, since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb, exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quicklime."

**THE BIBLE IN SWEDEN, NORWAY, AND FINLAND.**—In these countries recently 240,500 copies of the New Testament have been circulated—being a copy for every family, and 40,000 for the solitary and homeless. So highly is this agency of colporteurs prized in Sweden, that a school for the training of agents has recently been opened there.

**HOW THE PROCESS OF COLORING GLASS WAS DISCOVERED.**—At a meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Professor Mapes stated that a few years ago the art of staining glass was unknown, when at a club, something like this—only composed of mechanics—a member stated that he had stained glass blue with cobalt; and another that he could color it red with ease, but not blue; till finally others came forward with their facts applied to other colors, and when all were combined, the result was a mass of facts that has produced the beautiful combinations of colored glass, equaling the art when it was applied to the old cathedral windows, centuries ago, in Europe.

**DR. DUFF ON THE CAUSES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.**—As to the causes of this terrible rebellion, says Dr. Duff, doubtless the primary ones are to be found in our own sins as a people and nation. As to the proximate or immediate human instrumentality, I have no hesitation in saying, with the utmost emphasis, that the whole is the result of a long-concocted Mohammedan conspiracy against the British power, with a view to the re-establishment of a Mohammedan dynasty instead. You will remember that in Mohammedanism there is an inseparable combination of the civil and spiritual power; and that its essential spirit is a fanatical spirit of conquest and dominion.

You will also remember that it was from Mohammedan rulers chiefly, and not from Hindoo rulers, that the British wrested the scepter of Indian dominion. The Mohammedans often persecuted the Hindoos with the most terrible severities. Hence it is that the Hindoos generally were wont to look with favor on the British as their deliverers from the cruel Mohammedan yoke; and were well content passively to submit to the British sovereignty, and in many cases with cheerful acquiescence. The case of the Mohammedans was totally different. Looking on the British as the subverters of their thrones, and the supplanters of their dynasties, they never could forgive them, and never could be peacefully reconciled to their supremacy. For the last hundred years they have been sighing, and longing, and praying, not only in private, but in their public mosques, for the prosperity of the house of Timour, in the person of its representative, the titular King or Emperor of Delhi. But the prosperity of that house is only another name for the downfall of the British, and the reascending of the Mohammedan power.

**EXPORTS FROM AFRICA.**—One of the great advantages of the colonization of Africa, in addition to the suppression of the slave-trade, has been the development of African resources. According to the London Times, in 1856 the exports from the old seats of the slave-trade in the Bight of Benin and its neighborhood, in palm oil alone, were as follows:

	Tons.	Value.
Benin river.....	2,500	£102,500
Palmas and vicinity.....	2,950	101,250
Badagry.....	1,250	96,250
Lagos.....	3,864	174,784
Porto Novo and vicinity.....	4,400	180,000
Whydah.....	2,500	112,000
Alliquah.....	1,500	67,000
To the United States.....	300	13,500

Total.....18,064.....£862,328

Now, this enormous trade, the produce of negro industry on one part of the coast only, is all more or less dependent on freedom from the slave-trade. Mr. M. Forster, nearly half a century engaged in the African trade, writes to the London Times, that the export value of palm oil, cam-wood, coffee, etc., exports from the coast of Africa, is £3,000,000. *Fifteen millions of dollars per annum*, export! Well, for a barbarous people, we should think that a result beyond the dream even of the most sanguine.

**THE LONDON TIMES.**—The London Times newspaper is printed in an antique, ugly-looking building in Printing-House Square, and the rooms are all low, dark, and uninviting. Eighty-eight compositors are always at work on advertisements, and forty-three more work on parliamentary debates and other matter. Four presses are required to work off the morning edition, and, to take advantage of these four presses, part of the paper is regularly electrotyped. The daily edition is 53,000.

**COPPER IN THE SEA.**—Experiments are now in progress to show that the sea is constantly charged with a solution of copper. Mr. Septimus Piesse caused a bag of iron nails to be hung from the sides of steamers passing between Marseilles and Nice, and obtained a precipitation of copper upon the iron. He finds the same metal in the substance of animals inhabiting the sea, and recommends the popular experiment of putting an oyster—a bad one, if possible—on the blade of a knife, and leaving it there for twenty-four hours, when, on the removal

of the oyster, the copper will be found on the knife. In Mr. Piesse's opinion, the beautiful blue color of some portions of the Mediterranean is due to an ammoniacal salt of copper, while the greenness of other seas is owing to the chlorid of copper.

**THE PROGRESS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.**—The disruption of 1843 will long be a memorable event in ecclesiastical history. And notwithstanding the dark forebodings and gloomy predictions of some, who did not hesitate to aver that it was a spasmodic movement, which only required a few years to bring back the active agents quietly to acquiesce in the old order of things, the impulse then given has vibrated and gradually acquired strength, as the eagle is said to fly with greater ease and rapidly after passing through the clouds which hang nearest to the earth. At the last General Assembly the Moderator gave a most encouraging report, of which the following is an abstract: The number of ministers in 1843 was 478; it is now 801. The sustentation fund \$343,520; it is now \$544,860. At the beginning there were 473 ministers receiving \$525 each from the sustentation fund; now there are 712 receiving \$700 each. In 1843 there were no schools; now there are 607 schools and 57,000 scholars. At the disruption every manse was claimed by the state; now there are no less than 530 manses. Nor have the efforts of the Free Church been restricted to home—foreign fields of labor have been sought out and sustained, so that in India there are 59 agents, and in Africa 7, who are making known to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. The amount collected for foreign missions during the first year was \$24,745, and during the last year it was \$72,350. The total sum collected since the disruption is \$19,510,000, or about \$1,500,000 annually during thirteen years.

**HORTICULTURE IN PALESTINE.**—The pomegranate in September ripens its fruit, which is in great request in Palestine. The tree grows there about twenty feet high. In this month families lay by a store of the fruit for winter use. There are said to be three varieties—one very acid, one sweet, and one of medium flavor between the other two. The first is often substituted for vinegar. The others are eaten with sugar and with rose water, and used also in a dried state in cookery. The mulberry-tree is cultivated in great quantities in the district of Lebanon, and silk forms a considerable product of that region. The *Sorghum Saccharatum*, which is now occupying much of the attention of agriculturists in this country, has for ages been an important product of Syria, where it is known by the name of *Dourra*; and it is cultivated there for its grain, and not for the cane, nor materially for fodder. In Egypt the stalks and straw are used for the roofs of huts and cabins. A good white flour is made from the grain, and is baked in cakes. Millet and rice are grains that are raised and used in considerable quantities in Palestine; but the latter is not raised in sufficient bulk to supply the native market. Lentils and chick pea—*cicer arietinum*—are consumed in large quantity as vegetables by the natives. Lupins, also, are used in the same way. Indigo is indigenous in several parts of Syria, and it is cultivated to some extent; the quality of it being good, and much superior to that grown in Egypt. The valley of the Jordan seems to be the best locality for it. Madder, also, is a valuable plant, but seems not to be cultivated to any great extent. Of oil-producing plants, in addition to the olive, the castor

oil plant and the *sesamum orientale* are the principal ones. But the medical properties of the former appear to be unknown to the present inhabitants of the country; and it is simply for lamps and general purposes that the oil from it is used.

**CORNELL COLLEGE.**—The new edifice, erected for the use of this institution, was dedicated on the 26th of November last. It is a noble structure—said to be one of the best in the state. Its location is at Mount Vernon, Iowa—about twenty miles north of Iowa City, and in the midst of one of the finest farming regions to be found. From its commanding elevation the spectator looks out in every direction upon cultivated fields and thriving villages. From the cupola that surmounts the building a panoramic view is presented of nearly forty miles in diameter. Under the title of "Iowa Conference Seminary," the institution went into operation in 1853, Rev. S. M. Fellows, A. M., being its first principal. Its prosperity has been uniform and highly gratifying to its friends. Last winter its charter was amended and it was endowed with college powers—taking the name of Cornell College. The name is in honor of one of our wealthy and liberal merchants in the city of New York. Bishop Hamline has pledged to the institution \$25,000—being the same amount as he has already donated to the Hamline University in Minnesota. Notwithstanding the founders of this institution have these prospects of liberal aid from abroad, they are determined not to depend upon this so as to remit their own personal efforts. They have two energetic agents in the field, and are laying deep and broad the foundations of their enterprise. Ladies are admitted to all the collegiate as well as seminary departments. Rev. R. W. Koeler—the President—has entered upon his duties, evincing a practical business capacity, a tact and a devotion to his work, which give assurance of certain success. A bright future, we trust, is before this institution.

**SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.**—The Hon. and Rev. A. B. Longstreet has been elected President of this institution. Mr. Longstreet was a member of the General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, and took a prominent part in the proceedings which led to the secession of the southern conferences.

**MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1858.**—The following are the appropriations of the General Mission Committee for the current year:

*Foreign Missions.*—Liberia, \$18,800; China, \$10,450; India, \$10,000; Bulgaria, \$5,000; Foreign German, \$10,331; Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, \$3,500; South America, \$1,500; Sandwich Islands, \$500.

*Domestic Missions.*—German, \$38,000; foreign population other than German, \$10,625; Indian missions, \$650; English, \$70,537.50.

Contingent Fund, under the Constitution, \$10,000. Expenses of office, \$5,000. Toward meeting debt of treasury, \$60,000. Making a total of \$260,893.50.

**EARTHQUAKES.**—Mr. Robert Mallet, in his Fourth Report on Earthquake Phenomena, discusses the catalogue of six thousand earthquakes published by the British Association. Among important facts, he finds that earthquakes in either hemisphere respectively, are most numerous in winter. The place where most convulsion is at present felt is the island of Luzon, in the Indian Archipelago. He describes a new seismometer, or earthquake-

measurer, of his own invention, in which four heavy balls, one for each quarter of the compass, set in motion by the shock, describe its direction and intensity. To arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to the extent and propagation of the disturbance, he has made experiments during the great blasting operations at Holyhead, in some of which eight tons of powder have been fired at once. In one instance "the shock was so great as to be felt at a distance of two miles, and even to throw crockery off a shelf at a distance of eight miles."

**VITALITY OF SEEDS.**—Dr. Daubeny has read a final report on the Vitality of Seeds, summing up the results of experiments carried on for seventeen years. These contradict the popular notion that seeds possess an unlimited vitality. The experiments were started with a given number of seeds, and continued with them year after year; and as all except four lost their vitality, he considers the trial at an end. "The greater number of seeds," he says, "lose their vitality at eight years, and forty-three years is the longest period to which they retain it." The statements concerning the growth of seeds found in mummies he holds as not supported by satisfactory evidence.

**A FEARFUL ACCOUNT.**—The Crimean war cost all its parties more than a million dollars a day, without taking into account the sacrifice of seven hundred and fifty thousand men.

**PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION, 1858.**—The following is the plan of Episcopal visitation determined upon by the bishops at their annual meeting:

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	1858.	BISHOP.
Baltimore.....	Washington.....	March	3 Ames
East Baltimore.....	Baltimore.....	March	3 Baker
Philadelphia.....	Easton, Penn.....	March	24 Ames
Kentucky.....	Covington, Ky.....	March	26 Morris
Arkansas.....	Fayetteville.....	March	26 Simpson
New Jersey.....	Camden, N. J.....	March	31 Baker
Newark.....	Morristown, N. J.....	March	31 James
Providence.....	Norwich, Conn.....	March	31 Waugh
New England.....	Worcester.....	April	7 Scott
North Indiana.....	Winchester.....	April	7 Ames
New York East.....	New York.....	April	14 Baker
Kansas and Nebraska.....	Topeka, Kansas.....	April	15 Simpson
Western Virginia.....	Charlestown.....	April	15 James
Minnesota.....	St. Paul.....	April	16 Morris
Oneida.....	Cooperstown.....	April	21 Waugh
Maine.....	Farmington.....	April	21 Scott
Pittsburg.....	Cambridge, O.....	April	28 James
West Wisconsin.....	La Crosse.....	April	29 Morris
New Hampshire.....	Great Falls.....	April	29 Ames
New York.....	New York.....	May	6 Waugh
Vermont.....	.....	May	5 Ames
Wyoming.....	Pittston, Penn.....	May	5 Baker
Missouri.....	Hannibal.....	May	6 Simpson
Wisconsin.....	Beloit.....	May	12 Morris
Troy.....	Middlebury.....	May	19 Ames
East Maine.....	Bangor.....	May	19 James
Black River.....	Jordan.....	June	2 Ames
Erie.....	Meadville.....	July	15 James
East Genesee.....	Corning, N. Y.....	August	11 Baker
Oregon.....	Salem.....	August	12 Scott
Ohio River.....	Waukegan.....	August	25 Simpson
Ohio.....	Marietta.....	August	25 James
Detroit.....	Ypsilanti.....	August	25 Baker
Upper Iowa.....	Lyons.....	Sept.	1 Waugh
Peoria.....	Bloomington.....	Sept.	8 Simpson
Cincinnati.....	Lebanon.....	Sept.	8 James
Delaware.....	West Liberty.....	Sept.	15 Ames
Michigan.....	Kalamazoo.....	Sept.	15 Baker
Iowa.....	Fairfield.....	Sept.	15 Waugh
California.....	Sacramento.....	Sept.	16 Scott
North Ohio.....	Wooster.....	Sept.	22 Simpson
South-Eastern Indiana.....	Columbus.....	Sept.	22 James
Illinois.....	Griggsville.....	Sept.	22 Morris
Indiana.....	Mount Vernon.....	Sept.	29 James
North-Western Indiana.....	Valparaiso.....	Sept.	29 Baker
Genesee.....	Perry.....	October	7 Simpson
Southern Illinois.....	Olney.....	October	7 Morris

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

LADY HUNTINGDON PORTRAYED. *New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo., 319 pages. With Illustrations. \$1.*—Lady Huntingdon is a character prominent in the early Methodist history; and we are glad that she is to be better known by the Methodists of the present generation. Additional value is added to the work by the brief sketches and portraits of some of her friends and collaborators. An instance of her Christian faithfulness in rebuking sin in high places is thus given by the author:

"In the winter of 1771 the Archbishop of Canterbury gave a series of balls and fashionable parties, at his palace. The extravagance of the expense of these occasions, and the mirthful indulgences of the guests, were not exceeded by any like assemblies of the times. The wife of the Archbishop was the leading personage in the fashionable world.

"These facts were, of course, noised abroad, to the great reproach of religion. Even the gay attendants upon his drawing-rooms sneered at the 'piety' of 'his Grace.' Afflicted at this state of things, the Countess Huntingdon sought and obtained a private interview with the Archbishop and his wife. She courteously remonstrated with them concerning these improprieties. But his Grace was violently angry, and his wife ridiculed Lady Huntingdon in all the fashionable circles, while the parties went on as before. Not discouraged in well-doing, her ladyship next endeavored to remonstrate with the Archbishop through a mutual friend of high position. But this only brought upon her additional abuse, and the brand, from the prelate, of 'enthusiast' and 'hypocrite.'

"She next sought a private audience with the King. She was received cordially both by his Majesty and the Queen. When she had laid her complaint before him, the King replied, 'Madam, the feelings you have discovered, and the conduct you have manifested on this occasion, are highly creditable to you. The Archbishop's behavior has been slightly hinted to me already; but now that I have a certainty of his proceedings, and most ungenerous conduct toward your ladyship, after your trouble in remonstrating with him, I shall interpose my authority, and see what that will do toward reforming such indecent practices.'

"The Countess continued more than an hour in familiar conversation with their Majesties. The Queen bestowed upon her many compliments for her benevolent enterprises. The King remarked that he was no stranger to her proceedings, 'but,' he added, 'I have been told so many odd stories of your ladyship, that I am free to confess I felt a great degree of curiosity to see if you were at all like other women; and I am happy of having the opportunity of assuring your ladyship of the very good opinion I have of you, and how very highly I estimate your character, your zeal and abilities, which can not be consecrated to a more noble purpose.'

"After her ladyship had retired, the King said to Lord Dartmouth: 'I was much taken with her appearance and manner. There is something so noble, so command-

ing, and withal so engaging about her, that I am quite captivated with her ladyship. She appears to possess talents of a very superior order, is clever, well-informed, and has all the ease and politeness belonging to a woman of rank. With all the enthusiasm ascribed to her, she is an honor to her sex and the nation.'

"A few days after this interview, the King sent a note to the Archbishop. It expressed his 'grief and concern that fashionable parties had found their way into a palace which, in former years, had been devoted to Divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence.' He trusted that the cause of offense 'would be suppressed immediately,' so that he might not have occasion to 'interpose in a different manner.'

"The lord prelate and his offending wife, not feeling at liberty to sneer at this evidence of the King's piety, conducted thenceforth more as became their station."

The prominent trait in her ladyship's character was her benevolence. We quote again from her biographer:

"One who knew her well has said: 'Never, perhaps, did mortal make a nobler use of what she possessed, live less attached to the earth and its unrighteous mammon, or dispense it with a more open hand. She was one of the poor who lived upon her own bounty. If she grudged any thing, it was to herself. Never did human being sit more loose to money, or more jealously watch over the distribution of it, that every shilling she possessed should be employed to the glory of God. But with all her fortune and self-denial, her finances were inadequate to her calls.'

"In order to carry out consistently these feelings concerning the use of money, she relinquished her equipage, livery, servants, elegantly-furnished residences, which belonged to persons of her birth and station by the requirements of almost universal usage for many centuries. Her apparel was exceedingly simple and economical. *She sold all her jewels.* They consisted of 'drops,' 'pearls,' 'seed pearls,' 'gold box,' etc., amounting to about thirty-seven hundred dollars, with which she purchased a small chapel for the poor. She thus dispensed with 'gold' and 'costly array,' dedicating all she had to God.

"She not only gave as opportunity presented, but sought occasion to do so. She wrote at one time to Dr. Doddridge, who was at the head of a school of young men, begging him to find some worthy indigent young men, whose heart God was evidently moving toward the work of the ministry, that she might assist them in obtaining a suitable education. And when that great and good man himself was sick, and needed rest from labor, and a journey to a warmer climate, which his poverty, in view of his duty to his family, forbade, she placed in his hands about *four thousand dollars*. Twenty-five hundred of this she gave herself, and begged the remainder from her wealthy friends. With this timely relief, the good man's last moments were made free from solicitude, and his mind left to employ all his powers in the work of God.

"So ready was the Countess to give at every call for aid, that some of her friends withheld from her, in some

cases, a knowledge of the occasions for giving. They knew that her liberality exceeded her income. Captain Scott, at one time, with some other ministers, having a case presented to them, and believing that the Countess would give, though she could not well afford to do so, resolved not to acquaint her with it. By some means, however, her ladyship heard of the case, and also of the combination to keep it from her. At this she was exceedingly grieved. When she met Captain Scott she burst into tears. 'I have never,' she exclaimed, 'taken any thing ill at your hands before. But *this*, I think, is very unkind.' And, as if to compensate the applicant for the wrong which she thought was purposed against him, she gave him five hundred dollars.

"In the exercise of this spirit of benevolence she gave away, in the course of her Christian life, more than *five hundred thousand dollars*."

Her last words were: "My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

After mentioning her death and burial, the author says: "So the laborers in the vineyard fall. One by one they pass away. A few months only before the Countess, John Wesley had died. Whitefield had anticipated her final triumph more than twenty years. Her early friend Charles Wesley had entered into rest. John Fletcher, greatly beloved notwithstanding polemical battles and differences of opinions, had for many years participated in the rapturous song of the redeemed. Of her distinguished collaborators, Berridge, Romaine, and Venn remained. But *now* these chosen instruments, and those saved by their agency, both the 'noble few' and the humble poor, have met to ascribe a common praise 'to Him who hath redeemed them by his blood.'"

**THE TRUE WOMAN; or, Life and Happiness at Home and Abroad.** By Jesse T. Peck, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo., 400 pages. Illustrated by a Portrait. \$1.—This work is written in the liveliest vein of its author. It is also pervaded by a depth of sympathy which makes the reader feel that he is in earnest. Didactic as the subject sometimes requires, but the scene changes so often, and the whole is so interspersed with touching allusions and apt illustrations, that the reader will find a power to fascinate as well as instruct in the volume. It is a work that should be read by the women of America, and especially by the women of the Church.

**THE LIVING WAY; or, Suggestions and Counsels concerning some of the Privileges and Duties of the Christian Life.** By Rev. John Atkinson. New York: Carlton & Porter. 16mo., 139 pages.—The chapters in this little volume comprise the following general topics, ever profoundly interesting to the child of God; namely, Christ's Promise, Trial, Trusting in God, Encouragement to ask Holiness, the Test of Love, and Religious Culture. The style is simple and earnest, and the aim of the author is evidently to do good. The young disciple will find in it the means of Christian nurture.

**PUBLIC ADDRESSES, Collegiate and Popular.** By D. D. Whedon, D. D. Issued by the same publishers. 12mo., 174 pages.—This volume contains nine addresses and discourses; namely, a master's oration, an inaugural address, four baccalaureate discourses, a eulogy on Dr. Fisk, a lyceum lecture on psychology, and an address on the Christian citizen's political duties. All these discourses are marked by the distinguished author's style

of thought and expressive use of language. They are worthy of a wider circulation.

**DIARY FOR 1858.**—Some of our readers may not have been apprised that such a work is published by our Book Concern. Such is the fact. It is gotten up in beautiful style by Carlton & Porter—a neat little miniature, that can be carried in the pocket. Order it immediately. Use it daily and faithfully for one whole year, and you will never after wait to be exhorted to get and keep a Diary.

**THE METHODIST ALMANAC** is unequalled in value. It ought to be in every Methodist family in the land. It is replete with facts indispensable to be known in practical life. Only five cents.

**THE WILMOT FAMILY** is an 18mo. of three hundred and fourteen pages, issued by the Sunday School Union. It is of English origin. "The story," says our little reader, "is fine."

**VOICES FROM THE OLD ELM; or, Uncle Henry's Talks with the Little Folks,** is from the pen of Rev. H. P. Andrews, and is issued as above—18mo., two hundred and seventy-seven pages. These "talks" are admirably adapted to interest and benefit children and youth.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE, VOLUME XVI.**—The bound volume of this work, for the year ending with October 1, 1857, has made our eight-year old little boy glad almost beyond measure. There is much of permanent interest, especially to children, in the Advocate. The numbers, preserved with care, can easily be put into a permanent form by binding, though we would advise those who wish to preserve it in this form to get a new copy. The work costs so little, almost any one can afford it. The Advocate is certainly conducted with great skill, and is admirably adapted to its purpose. It ought to reach two hundred thousand.

**LIFE STUDIES; or, How to Live.** By Rev. John Baillie. New York: Carter & Brothers.—This is a series of biographical sketches designed to illustrate Christian life in its different phases. The subjects are: "The Good Soldier—John Bunyan;" "The Christian Laborer—Gerhard Tersteegen;" "The Christian Man of Letters—James Montgomery;" "The Man of Business—Frederick Perthes;" and "The Christian Mother—Mrs. Mary Winslow." Mr. Baillie remarks that "the Christian athletes here sketched are marked by various idiosyncrasies, but they all fought manfully the good fight, and they have all gotten the victory. God's grace 'is manifold' and it may comfort and stimulate the wrestlers in the various places of the field to know that others occupied the post before them, and 'stood in the evil day.'" This is a book of sterling value, and one that will nurture the heart and the intellect of the Christian. The sketches are finely drawn. They are philosophy—Christian philosophy—unfolded, and precept enforced by living examples. For sale by Robert Clark, 46 West Sixth-street, Cincinnati.

**MIA AND CHARLIE; or, a Week's Holiday at Rydale Rectory.** New York: Carter & Brothers. 16mo., 309 pages.—This is a reprint of an English work. It is finely illustrated, and got up in excellent style. We have found time only to glance over its pages. It is evidently well written, and will be to the young a most agreeable companion during the leisure hour. For sale by R. Clark, 46 West Sixth-street, Cincinnati.

## New York Literary Correspondence.

"The Panic"—Causes—Effects on the Poor—On Benevolent Institutions—On the Trade in Literature—The Atlantic—Methodist Literature—Life of Wesley—Mr. Smith's—Barth and Livingstone on Africa—New York Historical Society—Dr. Francis's Address—The Lecture Season—Decline of the Institution—Greetings.

Is it Anacreon, or some other mad poet, who tells us that he had essayed to sing of heroes and battle-fields, but his harp would sound only of love? So he who would write about the affairs of our goodly metropolis, just now, may choose as he will, but he will be very likely to find such words as "panics," "crises," "suspensions," "currency," and "markets," pushing themselves under his pen, and demanding to be written. Yielding, therefore, with what grace I may, to the necessity—as is the fashion of the times—I will, before proceeding to other matters, pay my respects to the great financial *imbroglio*. Let it then be understood that I steadily recognize the fact that a terrible commercial hurricane has just now swept over the country, and that we, at this time, are peeping out upon the wrecks and desolations it has left. Further than this I need say but little about it; for though I might speculate profoundly upon its causes and its results, I should probably only add to the number of those who have vainly sought to solve the Sphynx's riddle. We have had any number of most elaborate dissertations on the subject, but generally their authors seem to be much more interested in them than are those whom they were intended to enlighten. I have a lingering suspicion that this whole science and public economy—if, indeed, it is a science—is yet in its infancy, and that our great financiers are little more than a set of empirics. It is certain, however, that the crisis is a reality, whatever may be its cause or the mode of its operations; for it makes itself felt everywhere, and modifies all the affairs of society.

It has been the boast of citizens that our poor are cared for with a heartiness and liberality which compares favorably with the action of any other commonwealth. Our Alms-House department is itself an immense corporation; for besides the thousands of paupers supported at the public expense, it also has charge of all the penal and reformatory institutions of the city; and its yearly expenditures exceed the entire revenue of many of the states of the Union. It also enjoys, to a very good degree, the confidence of the people, and is believed to be much less corrupt than most other departments of the city government. But in these times the ordinary provisions for the relief of the destitute must be entirely insufficient, and very much must be provided for by individual and associated benevolence; and even then it is found that there will be very much real suffering.

It is interesting, merely as a matter of curiosity, to observe how the influence of monetary affairs insinuates itself into every department of affairs. In trade of every kind and degree, it is, of course, the ruling power; and the confusion that it has there made is complete. It is felt also in the resorts of pleasure, in the haunts of dissipation, and even in the institutions of religion. The more elegant and costly public entertainments suffer most severely, and an abrupt and total suspension of

some of them is threatened. The great religious and benevolent institutions begin to complain of the falling off of receipts, and are making extraordinary efforts to sustain themselves; and our worthy Church officials are even more than usually importunate in pressing their claims upon the people. But since the wise ones assure us that the worst is past, we may suffer on patiently, still hoping for the "good time coming."

The effects of the financial crisis are felt scarcely any where else so seriously as in the trade of literature—a trade which is said to be among the first to feel reverses and the last to recover from them. The manufacture of books is almost wholly suspended, and but for the trade in periodicals the press itself would literally stand still. The trying point for periodicals is yet to come; and as the annual subscriptions, in most cases, terminate with the calendar year, there is cause to apprehend that a large share of them will not be renewed. Still the appetite for that kind of reading is so strongly fixed, and the cost of its gratification so trifling, that it may be presumed the falling off in that department will be less serious than in the regular book-trade. It has generally been found, I believe, that "hard times" do not diminish the demand for newspapers, and the same causes operate to some extent in favor of magazines. Harper's Magazine closed its volume with the last issue, and I am informed that the publishers intend to issue the usual quantity of the next number, as they have found no indications of any considerable diminution of demand.

While writing of magazines, I will say a word as to the latest born of the family—"The Atlantic"—the first number of which recently made its appearance from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. A first-class literary magazine has been felt to be what writers of book notices call a *desideratum* in American literature. Various attempts, too, have been made to fill it, but for some cause all have hitherto failed. Putnam's was the last of these—which, indeed, began well and proceeded successfully, so far as literary tone and character are concerned; but it did not *pay*, and so it was reduced to the standard of the public taste. It has since been merged with another, and its distinctive character lost. In some particulars the Atlantic comes forth under more favorable auspices. It is not undertaken as a speculation, and so is not altogether dependent for its existence on the length of its subscription list—a joint stock fund being provided for its pecuniary maintenance. Boston is doubtless a better location for such an enterprise than New York, as is proved by the continued existence of the North American Review, while all similar undertakings in other places have entirely failed. Indeed, it would be folly for us to deny that Boston is justly entitled to the honor of the name of the Athens of America. The principal advantage of such a place for the publication of such a magazine is the having a sufficient number of appreciative readers, whose position in the literary world entitles their opinions to authority, and so makes the work a necessity in learned circles. When this comes to be the case with a periodical, it may be said to be established, and its future success is comparatively certain.

Like the principal European magazines of the same class, the Atlantic assumes an individuality for itself, and gives no names of either editors or correspondents. The advantages of this plan for such a work are obvious. Absolute secrecy in such matters is neither possible nor desirable; and by this mode of proceeding almost any amount of publicity can be given to the authorship of any particular piece, and at other times a special *incognita* may be enjoyed, thus affording greater liberty to writers than could be had were they known. In these things, therefore, we are pleased with the plan on which the new magazine is projected.

The issue of the first number affords the opportunity of trying how well the promises of the Prospectus are likely to be fulfilled. Its "getting up" is highly creditable. Its paper, type, ink, and press-work are all good, very good. This speaks well for the taste and mechanical skill of those to whom this part of the business has been confided. The title-page is more open to criticism. The designer evidently had Blackwood in his mind's eye, and, of course, the chief feature of the title-page must be the head of a quaint-looking old gentleman. We make no objection to the thing itself, but dislike it because it indicates a lack of independence. As to the matter, it is good—all unexceptionable—but nothing specially noteworthy. And just here we suspect is the point of danger; the want of positive character is a defect for which the utmost negative excellence can not atone. Who cares to dwell upon a succession of faultless platitudes? who would not prefer strong and nervous thought, though expressed in language that violates every rule of the grammars, to a smooth and polished discourse which means nothing in particular? I do not pretend that the contents of the first number of the Atlantic are of that character; and if it is thought that there is an undue degree of reserve in most of its pieces, it must be remembered that it could not be expected that the first number should speak out with as great freedom as might be demanded in subsequent issues. It is but fair, therefore, to wait till full time has been allowed for a proper development of its character before we proceed to condemn it.

In Methodist literature we have nearly nothing at all to notice. Like most other publishing establishments, the "Book Concern" has almost entirely stopped the manufacture of books; and as the present time is thought to be especially unpropitious, authors of new works choose to delay the day of publication till a change shall come. A hymn-book with music—a work which has been some time in preparation, and as to which public interest has been somewhat awakened—is announced as nearly ready for publication. I may pay my respects more largely to this work and its uses at some other time. If it accomplishes the half its friends have pledged it for, it will deserve well of the Church. A volume from the pen of the author of the "Sacred Annals"—a sequel to that series—to be called "Harmony of the Divine Dispensations," is also "nearly ready," and will, of course, be purchased by those who have the former volumes.

The same author—GEORGE SMITH, F. S. A.—has recently issued in London the first volume of a historical series on "Wesleyan Methodism"—this volume embracing "Wesley and his Times." We have often heard it remarked that the history of the rise and progress of Methodism is yet to be written. Perhaps the time for executing such a work had not till quite recently fully come,

as a period much less than a century is too short to mature results so as to fully illustrate the character of such a movement. The annals of Methodism have been well preserved, and the materials out of which to construct its history are both abundant and highly valuable. Early "Lives" of Wesley, too, were not wanting, but possessed very few of the elements of real histories. Southey's "Life of Wesley," with all its positive faults, is incomparably preferable to all others of the early biographies of its illustrious subject; and it has served a most excellent purpose in diffusing a knowledge of Methodism wherever the English language is used, and into a portion of English society among whom it would otherwise have been but very partially known, and, therefore, not appreciated. Nothing could have been more timely for the Wesleyan body than the appearance of that work. A wider field was just then opening before them, and that book prepared their way, and removed many and great obstacles. The Methodist preachers themselves needed also to be prepared for their wider field of action, by an increase of their knowledge of the world—and just such castigations as were therein given them, severe and unjust as they evidently were, was just the kind of discipline most likely to effect the needed changes. And till to-day we are compelled to send the inquirer after the best history of the career of John Wesley to Southey's exceedingly-faulty book. Much valuable matter, bearing on the subject, has been produced since the issuing of that work. Watson's review, afterward enlarged into a biography, contains much that is really valuable, and also corrects many of Southey's misapprehensions. It also gives evidence that its author had profited by reading Southey, for, in his defense of Methodism, he takes pains to disclaim for it many of the excrescences which had called forth the keenest satires of the laureate. Coleridge's Notes, desultory and crude though they are, are nevertheless highly appreciative and generally just, but not always. Alexander Knox's defense of Wesley's motives against Southey's imputations of ambition and love of power, will also amply compensate a perusal. It is said that Southey himself became convinced that he had failed to do full justice to Wesley's character, and had intended to make the *amende honorable* in the edition of his "Life" which he was preparing at the time that he became incapacitated for further mental labor. But after his death the corrections were suppressed by his son, a bigoted high Church clergyman. The latest attempt to rediscuss the events of early Methodism—previous to this—is that made by Isaac Taylor, who seems to have been ambitious to enter a field where such mighty minds had gone before him; but, as often happens in such cases, he gained little honor to himself in so doing. The future student of the history of Methodism will owe very little to the labors of the author of "Saturday Night."

Mr. Smith's opportunities for gaining the requisite matter for the work undertaken by him were very good, and he has evidently made good use of it. But this was not the thing chiefly needed. We want a history which shall condense into an appropriately-compact form the chief facts of that remarkable movement, so arranged as to give a truthful view of its character at a single glance, and to show its philosophy in intimate connection with its facts. The mind that shall accomplish such a work must not expend itself in gathering simples, but rather it must act as an alembic, to distill from the

mass of gathered materials the true historical essences. Or, to drop the figure, the work required is that of the literary artist rather than of the mere annalist. In addition to a sufficient acquaintance with his subject, and a mind in sympathy with its spirit, the author of such a work must possess a quick perception of the relations of things, a well-disciplined judgment, a vigorous imagination, and superior graphic powers; and it is not too much to say, that a Life of Wesley from such a hand would possess at once the attractions of a romance and the solid value of a practical religious treatise. But that work is yet to be written. Mr. Smith appears to have judged correctly what was required, but has failed in his efforts to answer to it.

Harper & Brothers are bringing out two highly-valuable works on Africa—those of Barth and of Livingstone. Of the former, two of three great octavo volumes of which the work consists are already published. They contain an immense store of valuable information respecting that least known portion of the earth, and will, no doubt, become a standard authority as to African geography, though they are too full and exact for popular use. The work of Dr. Livingstone, though equally valuable in point of authenticity, is more popular in its form; and while it will have a permanent value among scholars, it will also be read by many as a source of literary enjoyment. It will probably be issued about the holidays. These works will doubtless inaugurate a new era in African geography and ethnology.

The "New York Historical Society" recently celebrated its fifty-third anniversary in its new building, corner of Second avenue and Eleventh-street. This was also the dedication of the building, and, of course, the event formed an era in the Society's history, and an occasion of congratulation among its friends. This association deservedly stands at the head of all our literary bodies, and counts among its members a large share of our most distinguished savans. It was before this body, at its last year's anniversary, that Mr. Bancroft delivered his celebrated discourse on history. The field of the Society's inquiries, though chiefly historical, includes also many kindred subjects of art and general literature; and its public exercises afford to its members rare opportunities for literary recreations, while its lectures and libraries supply facilities for study and self-culture. Its anniversaries are usually seasons of much interest, and a variety of causes conspired to render this one more than ordinarily such. The orator for the evening was Dr. John W. Francis, himself a native of the city, where he has lived and pursued a long and successful professional career, and attained to great respectability among his fellow-citizens, and also observed the city's progress for more than half a century. From these facts, as well as from his confessed power of discriminating observation and of felicitous address, much was anticipated; and I believe the performance quite equaled expectation. I may refer to the subject again when the address shall be published "by authority"—meanwhile the following extracts from the newspaper sketch of the address will indicate its character:

"In relating his memories of the clerical fraternity, he alluded to Dr. Coulter, to Pillmore, sent out here by John Wesley, to Mr. Asbury, and to Thomas Coke, the first Methodist Bishop of America, consecrated by Wesley himself, in 1784. He devoted a considerable portion of his address to the moral and intellectual

characteristics of John M. Mason, who declared that to be poor in this world and to be damned in the next was to be miserable indeed. In medical biography the lecturer was, of course, exceedingly interesting. He alluded at much length to the labors of Pintard, and gave many personal recollections of that quaintly-mannered and most able man, Mitchell. Of Williamson and Romeyn he spoke at some length and with high praise. Thence he proceeded to speak of the origin and growth of democratic principles in New York from the year 1789, when he first drew breath, till, by the example of France, the people broke out into open hostilities against Great Britain. He gave some attention to the early street-preachers, foremost among whom he ranked Lorenzo Dow, whom he described as an edition on brown paper, with battered types, of Rowland Hill, and who had genius to construct a catastrophe for every occasion which might occur.

"He spoke of the first appearance of William Ellery Channing in this city, which signalized the origin of Unitarianism, and declined reference in detail to Episcopalianism as a subject too large for cursory notice. As to the literary progress of New York, he said that we might look on with admiration at the achievement already wrought, rather than cherish any despondency for the future; and he was satisfied that as our population had increased, so had books, knowledge, and the great materials for the history of the mind. He concluded by asserting that all history was sacred, inasmuch as it exhibited the ways of Providence, and declared as the result of all his experience that the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life."

The lecture season opens languidly. A few of our great societies announce courses for the winter; but they are without any new features, and, for the most part, the speakers are well known. We may, therefore, expect but little more than re-rehearsals of twice-told tales. Courses of lectures in aid of all kinds of charitable, religious, and educational enterprises are also much in fashion. Still appearances clearly indicate that the day of the popular lecture is rapidly declining. It has had its run under the favor of fashion, and now, by the same influence, it is passing away. While in the full tide of success its real excellence had but little to do with its popularity, and now its decline is probably not much hastened by its faults or deficiencies. Its entire cessation is to be deprecated; for, at worst, it forms a harmless dissipation, and may be replaced by something less unexceptionable. If a system of useful and instructive lectures could be instituted in all parts of the country, they might probably become efficient auxiliaries in the work of education; and possibly the decadence of the present system may prepare the way for one more useful, though less pretentious. As a general thing, the elocutionary powers of most of the public lecturers I have heard are wretched. Some attention to one's tones in speaking is indispensable in keeping up the attention of an audience. But this in closing—I am no elocutionist myself.

With my best wishes to all the good friends of the Repository—to the Publishers a host of new subscribers, to the Editor a plenty of good matter, and sound nerves when he devotes himself to "correspondents," and to all its readers a happy New-Year—I will close this long letter, hoping when I write again to take more time, and so make a shorter one.

## Sideboard for Children.

**BISHOP HEDDING AMONG THE CHILDREN.—**AGAIN.—Till within the last twenty-five years our bishops traveled chiefly by private conveyance. In this way the late Bishop Hedding often performed long journeys. Coming, in one instance, from Vermont to the Ononda conference, he spent several weeks in northern New York, preaching, visiting the Churches, and overseeing the general work. It fell in his way to pass a Sabbath with a society in—I think—St. Lawrence county. He was quartered with a plain Methodist family, who lived a mile or two from the humble church at which it had been announced he would preach. This family, with the exception of the three younger children—a boy some five or six and two elder sisters—taking the Bishop in their carriage, accompanied him to the place of worship. On their return they were met at the front gate by the children, who told them the house had been on fire! All hastened in and found that it was even so. The stove-pipe had communicated the destructive element to the ceiling, which, however, before doing material harm, had been extinguished by the little folks. The whole family were filled with consternation as they gazed at the charred boards and saw the evidence of a very narrow escape, indeed. Responsive to inquiry, the elder of the two little girls attempted to give a history of the matter, particularly of the manner in which the fire had been extinguished. But the little brother could not permit this. The right to tell the story belonged to him, and especially as he felt that he had been the most important actor in the heroic achievement. Taking the words out of his sister's mouth, and stepping out into the midst of the floor, his whole body trembling and twitching under the greatest imaginable nervous excitement, he said:

"When we saw the fire, Susan ran out to the spring and brought in the water, Sally stood right out there with the dipper and threw it on, and I stood right here and said, [clapping his hands with the utmost vehemence to show how it was done.] Amen! amen! amen! and we got it out."

Spectator as he had been of the warm devotional exercises of Methodist people at that early day, we can scarcely wonder that he should have attributed so much potency to the part he had acted in the dangerous emergency.

N. B. Permit me to remind the readers of the Repository, that a good hearty AMEN does, sometimes, mightily help to kindle a fire, as well as to extinguish one! ZETA.

**HOOPS AND THE NARROW WAY.—**A ministerial brother neighbor of mine has a little girl of three and a half summers, who said to her ma, "Ma, does n't the Bible say the way to heaven is a narrow way?" "Yes, my child, it does; but why do you ask me that?" "Why, I was just thinking how the ladies, who have such big hoops, could get into heaven." Logic, that!

J. H. TORRENCE.

**BUT YOU'RE DOOD.—**I am not a mother, and so have not a mother's vanity, but have more "children than she that hath an husband." I am not a literary character, and do not really expect to see this in print, but shall think none the less of my darlings.

A little niece of mine, who was fondly attached to me, when about three years old, was one day caressing me—lavishing kisses unparingly, when I said to her, "Cora, Cora, you do not love me." "Yes I do," was her quick reply. "O no," said I, "it can not be; I am not handsome." She looked at me a moment, and the truth of what I said was evidently new and painful, for she loved the beautiful, and she slowly said, "No;" then quick as thought her sweet face brightened again, and in the joy of her young heart she exclaimed, "but you're dood, though!" and her caresses were redoubled. The eloquence of the action can not be conveyed by words, but those who have loving pets can understand.

THE CHILDREN'S AUNTIE.

**WHERE'S FRANKIE?—**I attended the funeral of a lovely little girl a few weeks since. She had a little brother about three years of age. He sat looking from the window one evening after the funeral, just as the stars were beginning to peep. Turning round he said, "Mother, where's Frankie?" She replied, "In heaven." "Then she'll see God putting out the stars, won't she?" D. C. B.

**THE IMMERSION.—**I have two little nephews, one six the other four years of age. The eldest always seemed very much interested in every thing connected with religion. About a year ago he saw his grandfather baptized by immersion. He had never seen the ordinance administered in that manner before, and it made a deep impression on his mind. On returning home he said to his mother, "I guess Jesus has washed all grandpa's sins away now, do n't you, mother!" He had often rung "Happy day," etc., and I presume he thought he understood it all then.

**HOW HE STICKED 'EM IN THE GROUND.—**A few weeks ago I was walking with my youngest little nephew, and he said to me, "I spose there's more than a million of trees in the world, an't there, aunty?" "Yes," said I, "and who made them all?" "God," he replied, "and I'd like to know how he stick'd 'em all into the ground;" and without waiting for an answer he added, "I'll bet I could break 'em off as fast as he could stick 'em in."

**PRAYED ENOUGH FOR ONE SIN.—**Let me add another anecdote which I heard. A little boy of four years had not behaved well in Church, and when he returned home his mother talked to him and told him he must pray God to forgive him for being a naughty boy. At night, in addition to his usual prayer, he prayed God to forgive him for being naughty in Church and went to bed. But he was restless, and soon he said to his mother, "I can't go to sleep, ma; I have n't prayed enough." "Well," said she, "pray again, then." So he arose, knelt and prayed to be forgiven and again retired. But still he continued uneasy and at last said, "Ma, I can't go to sleep; I have n't prayed enough yet." "Then pray again, my son," said his mother. He arose, knelt by his little bed and prayed the third time for forgiveness. When he had finished, "There," said he, "I hope in my soul I've prayed enough for one sin." JENNIE E. BOWERS.

A little nephew of the writer, of nearly five summers, being asked, while walking one day with a devoted minister, if he knew who was the first man, "Of course I do; God was the first man." "No," said the good man, "Adam was the first man. Now, can you tell me who was the first woman?" "Why, yes, Mrs. Adam." W. D. FERO.

**NO DISTINCTION OF COLOR IN HEAVEN.—**We have a little Willey Owens, of between three and four years, whose sayings we think quite as "smart" as any we see in your "Sideboard." He had not been brought up among colored people, and when I came to my present charge, where we have a goodly number of them, he became very much frightened at them, and one day said, "Pa, why do n't God come and take me up to heaven?" and then thinking he might meet with the same annoyance there, he quickly added, "Pa, is there any black folks in heaven?" I told him no, there was no distinction of color in heaven, and he appeared very much relieved.

**WHY GOD DO N'T COME DOWNS.—**He often talks about God, and asks why he do n't come down and see us. One day, when it was very cloudy, he said, "God can't come down now, the sky is all covered up." When his mother gets sick he always kneels down and prays for her; and his prayer runs thus: "Lord, bless mamma, and make her well, and do n't let the bad man get her, for Christ's sake. Amen." BENJ. TISON.

## An Editorial Paper.

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE CHURCH, AND THE  
MEANS OF SPREADING IT.

WHEN in boyhood we first became identified with the Church of Jesus Christ, her literature no less than her pulpit ministrations became a source of mental as well as spiritual edification. It was ground "newly broken up." Methodism was just making itself practically known. The preacher toiled night and day for the conversion of souls. And when converted, he at once called their attention to the weekly religious newspaper, and to such books as would establish them in Christian experience and in doctrine. How the weekly reading of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal* revealed to our wondering eyes the enterprises and resources of the Church, and brought our young heart into the deepest sympathy with them all! That wonderful "Doctrinal Tracts," how mightily it confirmed our faith in the doctrines of Methodism; and what barbed arrows we drew from that richly-laden quiver, to surprise and confound even old antagonists in our juvenile conflicts over "foreknowledge and decrees!" That little "Manual" on *Christian Perfection* by Timothy Merritt—how rich in nurture to the soul! we never can forget it. "Hester Ann Rogers"—what a biography was that! Then the *Life of Wesley*, and at length the profound *Institutes* by Richard Watson. So other works not now remembered succeeded, till the whole cyclopedia of Methodist literature—not very extensive in 1823, it is true, but rich even then—had been explored. But for these agencies, many in that little band who withstood the shock of fierce opposition, never had become so thoroughly imbued with the Methodist spirit, and so firmly established in the doctrines and usages of Methodism.

We have sketched the outline of this scene, not because of any peculiarity, but for the very reason that it has its counterpart every-where. Essentially the same state of things exists now, and in old as well as new societies; the young, requiring instruction, indoctrination, and nurture, are brought under the influence of the Church, and demand the means and appliances for growth and establishment.

Mr. Wesley soon discovered that the people who had been banded together by his ministry needed a nurture which the pulpit could not fully supply. They needed instruction; they needed intellectual as well as spiritual food. Nor was he more sedulous or more laborious in traveling and preaching than in his efforts to supply them with a sound literature. The press was brought into requisition. He issued tracts on the most important doctrinal and experimental matters, and circulated them with an unsparing hand among the people. As his followers increased in numbers and in intelligence, he increased the variety and size of his publications. They comprised works on philosophy, literature, natural science, and the domestic arts, as well as upon theology, Biblical interpretation, and experimental religion. Thus did he obtain a ubiquitous presence and influence among his people. He might be in a distant part of his work; but his representative—the "silent voice" by which he spoke evermore—was left behind. The present robustness of the Wesleyan character, as it regards piety, intel-

ligence, and philanthropy, in no small measure, is the product of that wise forecast on the part of Mr. Wesley.

As a means of quickening intelligence, of cultivating taste and refinement, of diffusing religious knowledge, of correcting error, and of permanent practical influence, there can be no substitute for the publications of the press. The preacher ministers from the pulpit at stated times and in stated forms. Powerful as may be his words, they float out upon the air, and too generally are soon forgotten. They have no signs by which to address the eye; they can not be treasured in material forms, so as to be consulted at moments when the mind expands with the desire of nurture, or when the heart droops in sorrow and needs comfort. But the book, the pamphlet, the tract, may be carried to the home, and be consulted as taste, or fancy, or the want of the soul may require. A thought uttered from the pulpit must be caught and comprehended at the moment, or it is gone. A thought recorded upon the living page—if dark, may be studied; if doubtful, may be interrogated; or if comforting and refreshing to the soul, may be fondly retained and communed with till all its sweetness has been extracted. In all this the mind receives a double benefit—a habit tending to mental discipline and development is formed, and the soul receives spiritual nurture.

But why need we urge that a sound and pure literature is one of the great wants of a Christian Church? No cogency of reasoning could make the truth clearer, and no force of illustration could make it more palpable. The American people—the *Methodists*, are a reading people. They *will* have books, will have reading for their families; and they ought to have it. Literature has ceased to be a superfluity, and become a necessity. The question whether an educated people shall have books, papers, magazines, is foreclosed, settled. You may as well moot the question whether they shall have beef, potatoes, wheat, or butter. All that remains to us, then, is how—from what source this intellectual and spiritual aliment shall be supplied. We must either leave the chance of supply to general publishers, or look to other Christian denominations, or provide for it ourselves. If we depend on the first, we shall be without guarantee for the purity and also the adequacy of the supply. If we look to the second, we shall be likely to find some of the more important doctrines of experimental life excluded, and their place supplied by heresies which neither we nor our fathers could receive. Our people would receive a bias which the pulpit, with all its power, could not counteract. A proposition to let Calvinistic preachers supply our pulpits throughout the country, would be too preposterous to receive any countenance. And yet it would be no less absurd to let other denominations supply the preaching than the religious and general literature demanded by our people. Yet have we not reason to apprehend that, from some cause—whether our negligence, our apathy, or our inadequate agencies, we will not undertake to say—other denominations do actually supply more than half the religious books found in Methodist families? Does any one question whether this can be a fact? let him visit, as we have, the homes of our members in twenty states of the Union, scan the volumes

upon their center-tables, glance his eye over their collection of books for family reading, and he will question no longer.

We do not complain of general publishers, nor of sister Churches, for the energy and success with which they push their books into circulation. A generous rivalry exists upon this subject among Protestant denominations. As the sole representative of one great class in theology, we, as a Church, have fearful odds arrayed against us. All the other great Protestant Churches are essentially Calvinistic. They, therefore, can harmonize together—but not with us—in this great work. We bid them Godspeed in all laudable efforts to spread the benign influence of a Christian literature. We have no wish to restrain their effort. We believe they are laboring for the same great end with ourselves—the glory of God and the good of man. We will try to equal—nay, to surpass them in the noble work, but never to obstruct or hinder.

But how we, as a Church, may efficiently prosecute this great work—how we may enlarge it, infuse new life and vigor into it, and make it commensurate with the ever-increasing wants of the people, is a question of great practical moment. It demands earnest consideration from our practical thinking minds. No one having the heart of a Christian minister, and yearning as a pastor over the flock of Christ committed to his charge, will fail earnestly to desire that his people should be supplied with useful reading. Many are able abundantly to supply this want in connection with their pastoral visitations. They have not only the will, but the tact and industry to accomplish in person this desirable end; and often they realize most blessed results from their labors in this direction. Some object to connecting this business with pastoral visitation. But if the pastor really gets it imbedded in his heart to do it as a means of building up his flock in knowledge and holiness, and does it in that spirit and with that aim, it will give additional interest to his visits.

With some, however, there are serious difficulties in the way. A heavy and responsible charge, demanding much pastoral labor and great weekly study to prepare for the pulpit services of the Sabbath, may leave little time or strength beyond. A natural inadaptation to such work, for *non omnia possumus omnes* is a serious obstacle to many. Others have a repugnance to it, and consider it incompatible with their calling, and will not, therefore, engage in it. Yet the Christian pastor must feel that this is a want of his flock which he especially should see supplied. In the absence of other means, or when unable to do it himself, how easy for such to make a selection of suitable books—such books as he would like to have scattered among his people—and then employ some active brother or devoted sister to canvass the entire charge! The percentage that might be allowed, and the satisfaction of doing good, would be their compensation.

We have looked on every side of this great question; scanned it with deep interest; hoped and prayed for success as new agencies have been proposed; but must confess that as yet we have discovered no way in which this important responsibility can be removed from the place where it has rested from the beginning. Special agencies are always attended with great expense, which should ever be avoided, as far as practicable, in benevolent operations. Then, too, they could not be relied

upon to cover the whole ground, or to accomplish the whole work. A tract society—like the American—must confine itself to a few choice and popular publications. It must employ the smallest possible amount of capital in stereotype plates and stock, and secure large sales of the few works issued. But even after all these economic arrangements, such an organization can not succeed without large gratuities. Such is the fact at this day with the American Tract Society. It can never be taken as a model, then, after which we can shape any organization, or induct any new agencies, for the supply of a general literature to the Church.

We design in these discussions no reflection upon our Tract organization. Nor would we in the least underrate the importance of its mission, or the measure of success that has attended it. But he must be a blind observer of facts, who does not discover, in the practical workings of this institution, additional evidence of the great difficulty, not to say absolute impossibility of organizing and sustaining—in our present state as a Church—new agencies to accomplish this great work. Our present system is one that has *grown up* gradually. It is not the offspring of a day nor of a year; it is not a mere plan or happy conception of some fertile mind; but the result of experience—a result reached through the correction of many errors, and the revision and practical testing of many plans. The considerate man will, therefore, be slow to ignore it, palpable as he may deem some of its imperfections. "Reform" with many means simply "change;" and the cry "reform, reform," is too often only the blind outbreak of an impulsive spirit, regulated neither by fixed principles nor sound discretion. Such have always found it easier to pull down than to build up. The true reformer rejects not the *old* merely because it is old, and will give up old organizations and appliances only when they are to be succeeded by something better.

Our object in this brief paper is not so much to discuss principles as to throw out suggestions. We would call attention to the subject, awaken inquiry, and excite, if possible, additional interest. Nor would we underrate the amount which is already accomplished. Our books, large and small, comprising the whole range of Christian literature, are sent out by the million; our General conference weekly papers have an aggregate circulation of nearly 125,000, our monthlies of 47,000, our Quarterly Review of some 3,500, and our Sunday School Advocate of over 150,000. These results are gratifying; they are rich in the present, and rich in promise for the future. Yet, after all, who can doubt but that our people would buy twice as many books as they now buy, and that the annual sales of our Book Concerns would be more than doubled, could the appliances necessary to bring the books properly before the people be obtained and every-where made efficient? There is not one of our papers whose circulation, immense as it may now be, might not be doubled in a single year, without going beyond the legitimate field of its patronage. The same is true of our monthlies, and also of our Quarterly.

We here state admitted facts. We have not space to amplify the subject, or to discuss the practical question that comes up. But here is a field of almost boundless extent and fertility—shall we neglect its cultivation? Nay, it already teems with a luxuriant harvest—shall we leave that harvest ungathered?

## Editor's Table.

A NEW-YEAR'S SALUTATION.—Grateful to our readers for their kind appreciation and generous patronage, we enter upon a new volume and a new year with high resolve and holy trust. We are encouraged to feel that the Repository has a hold upon the hearts of our people. While this conviction has often cheered our toils, it has also made us feel that there is connected with them a deep responsibility. We are laboring for eternity as well as time. Nor would we knowingly send out a line whose moral tendency we would not be willing to stand accountable for at that bar before which both writer and reader will appear. Our "high resolve" is thus to fulfill our mission; our "holy trust" finds firm foundation in the promised grace of our ever-faithful Father and Friend.

A New-Year's salutation to you all, dear friends. Our many-winged messenger of love and truth would come to your homes breathing genial influences, imparting knowledge useful and beneficent, kindling in the soul aspirations after that which is great and good, and implanting the love of that which is pure and heavenly.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS NUMBER, our readers will perceive, are almost entirely original. They will recognize, too, the names of well-known and popular contributors. The sketch of Bishop Baker will be read with great interest. Our readers will commend the excellent good taste in which it is written, and especially that while the writer does ample justice to this eminent servant of the Church, he carefully avoids an unwholesome and fulsome panegyric.

OUR LONDON LETTER has again failed, from some unknown cause, to reach us. We have thrown in another Editorial Paper, not merely to fill up the space, but because *we had something to say* on a subject of vital moment to the Church. The subject, though designedly discussed in a fragmentary manner, will be found worthy of attention. We are not certain that this "Editorial Paper" will not become "an institution" in the Repository.

THE ENGRAVINGS for the month, three in number, have received notice elsewhere. If any of our young friends think they are too sedate, we ask them to wait till the music in the procession comes up. But these three comprise no mean range—history, biography, and religion.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following contributions are respectfully declined: "We are Passing Away;" "A Dream;" "Lines to the Ladies' Repository;" "The Mother's Soliloquy;" "Autumn Thoughts;" "Sober Reflections;" "Thoughts on the Flight of Time;" "My First Waif;" "The Drunkard's Wife;" "A Dream;" "Forgive;" "There is Joy in Believing;" and "The Young Itinerant." Some of the above indicate talent worthy of cultivation. Some of them were the effusions of bereaved and sorrowing hearts; but while the editor as a Christian and a man may sympathize with the afflicted, as an editor he must be controlled by other considerations.

We put "Life," "Memory," and "Darkness" into the hands of an accomplished critic. He says, "The author of these pieces has poetry, but needs to pay stricter at-

tention to the laws of versification." We hold the articles under consideration.

The author of "The Invalid" has clear conceptions and a ready expression, but she needs much study in the grammar and rhetoric of the English language.

We have under consideration a large number of articles, which, though in some respects deficient, are quite too good to decline entirely.

ERRATA.—One of our contributors seems to think, "if the slain think he is slain," perhaps he'd best mention it." We are not in the habit of correcting typographical errors that may have escaped the eye of our proof-reader, unless detected before the number goes to press. For the most part these errors are such as the intelligent reader will correct for himself, if he chances to notice them at all. This being the case, we have considered it hardly worth while to occupy space with errata. Perhaps in few other publications are these errors more rare than in the Repository. This makes them the more provoking when they do occur. Some eight or ten such errors are before us, but we assure the "slain" authors that should we publish the whole of them, not one reader in ten thousand would turn back to make the correction. Let each author, then, make the correction on the margin of his own copy. Then he may say to the "red slayer,"

"I keep, and pass, and turn again."

We must, however, add a word of vindication for our proof-reader; for he is not unfrequently, through the bad chirography of the writer, compelled to guess at what he *intended to write*, when perhaps he drew a map of Lake Huron with sundry straits, indentations, bays, and islands not found in nature.

EXCERPTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—The following touching extract is from a brother minister—recently bereaved of a most excellent companion—a noble, heroic—in the Christian sense—and deeply-pious woman. Our bereaved brother has our heart-felt sympathies. The letter was addressed to us personally, and was not designed for publication. But the hallowed sentiments it is calculated to awaken in the heart of a Christian, and the lessons of submissive, holy faith it will impart, justify the use we make of it. As it has done good to our own heart, so may it do good to the hearts of our readers:

"I have great reason for gratitude that such a calamity came upon me with so many occasions of devout praise and thanksgiving. I had all that heart could wish except the life of my wife. You know not, and God grant the day may be far distant when you will be called to experience the utter desolation of earthly prospects that attend such a bereavement. You have felt, no doubt, a sense of loneliness when absent from your family, and experienced very painful emotions when an anticipated pleasure of meeting has been deferred; but you know not the feeling that comes with crushing power upon the spirit at the words, '*never again! no, NEVER AGAIN!*'—never again to be greeted at the threshold and receive the fond kiss of welcome—never again to listen to those *words of affection*—never again to experience those *offices of kind-*

ness performed with such gentle hands—never again to see that loved form at your table, with your little ones around, the sun and center of domestic happiness. The fireside is a blank desolation, and every article of furniture and apparel has a tongue that seems to say, 'Gone, gone, never to return!' and then, when the labors of the day are closed, to lay yourself down upon your solitary couch finishes the picture so sad that you covet the forgetfulness of sleep, but often in vain.

"Pardon me for thus obtruding upon you my sorrows. You have had domestic affliction, deep and repeated, and will not chide me. I do not mention these things to complain of the dealings of my heavenly Father. I merely state facts; but I can say I have much religious comfort—great peace of mind; I joy in tribulation; I am a better man; I hope to be a more useful minister; I am not careful to inquire into the reasons of this providence; I am anxious to know how I may best improve it—how I may draw forth the richest revenue; if it shall lead me to an entire deadness to the world; if it shall lead me to know nothing else among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified; if it shall lead me to be instrumental in leading many more sinners to Christ and building up the saints of God. Heaven, I am sure, is richer now, and may be much more enriched by my labors.

"Again, I say, pardon me for detaining you so long. May Heaven's blessing be upon you and yours!"

The following from our correspondent "H.," though not strictly an "excerpt," is in place here. If it shall come to a child of God, "oppressed and beset," may he also hear the sweet angel whisper, "Look up!"

"Methought as I, oppressed and beset by the temptations and sin of this world, was wearily performing my Christian duties, a mellow voice whispered in my ear, 'Look up!' Immediately I obeyed the command, and saw above me two angel forms bright from the presence of the Lord. Robes of spotless white were their drapery; their wings were gorgeous rainbows; and their faces were radiant as the sun. Beyond them, toward heaven, the sky was brilliant with reflected glory; beneath them, toward hell, naught was to be seen save the black chasms and yawning gulfs of despair. 'O,' I murmured, 'why do I mourn because of "these light afflictions which are but for a moment?" do I not know that they "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?"'

"The angels pointed upward; I heard the rustling of their wings, saw the splendor of their forms for an instant, and then the heavens, closing around, shut them from my view. Think you I again halted in the discharge of duty? No! I live in the cheerful hope of a blissful immortality beyond the grave."

Here is encouragement for Christian mothers to pray, "Lord, give me every one of my children!"

"At a recent love-feast, held in connection with a ministerial gathering, the good effects of the faithful prayer of Christian mothers was spoken of by several of the ministers and other persons who were present. One of the ministers, who was then stationed in the city of — arose and said: 'I also was blessed with a praying mother. But in the order of divine Providence our family, while young, were scattered wide apart; and yet were strangely preserved from the vices common to youth, thus cast out on the world, from under parental control or restraint. I was converted myself while young, and while casting around in my mind, could not discover how

it was that my brothers were preserved from the vices of the age; but when I went to make that praying mother a visit the mystery was solved. I observed her go several times each day to a little barn that stood out in the field, and generally returned singing. My curiosity was aroused to know what led her so frequently to that lone retreat. Again I saw her on the pathway over the sod toward the barn. I was induced to go and listen, and heard her repeat over and over again, "Lord, give me every one of my children!" then in the triumph of faith said, "I believe thou wilt." That mother lived to see every one of those children converted and gathered into the fold of Christ."

"It was the writer's privilege for two years to be the pastor of that same praying mother. And I know that some of those sons are now filling honorable and responsible positions in the Church of their mother's choice, while her sainted spirit is doubtless occupying a position among the blood-washed company in the Church triumphant. 'Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

Our article on ministerial support seems to have acquired a notoriety altogether unexpected. We have gratifying evidences that it was "a word in season," and that it has been the occasion of refreshing to the bodies as well as the souls of many of our brethren. It was not conceived in the spirit of complaining of our Churches and brethren, but originated in the conviction that there was every disposition on the part of our people to give an adequate support to the ministry, and that light only was needed on the subject. We firmly believe that no Christian people have contributed more to the cause of religion, in proportion to their means during the past half century, than the Methodists. We commenced almost literally with nothing, save the grace of God; all our churches, parsonages, seminaries, and colleges to build and endow in addition to current expenses of the Church; our Book Room, Missionary, Sunday School, and other Church enterprises to inaugurate. The results not only vindicate the liberality of our people, but might well silence the most inveterate croaker. To show how the matter works, we subjoin one from many instances of like character:

"I thank you for your article on the 'Inadequate Support of the Ministry.' I read it before my district meeting, and my own salary was put up \$150 over any other presiding elder ever on the district. I hope to have all the preachers share with me in this estimating liberality."

ANOTHER WORD about subscriptions and subscribers. Now is the time to act. If you are a minister—pardon us if we inquire, has your charge been thoroughly canvassed? If unable to do it in person, please do not fail to enlist the agency of a sister, a brother, or of your class-leaders; and let the work be thoroughly done. There is no reason why, even in spite of "the hard times," our subscriptions might not be doubled.

Many of our subscribers have done an excellent work for us. They have circulated the Repository among their neighbors, and thus opened its way into families where it had not otherwise gone. How many of our friends have "next-door neighbors" who are not subscribers? See to it, friends, that they become such.

We hope, in pleasant and mutually useful intercourse, to journey together with our patrons through another year.

M70U



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